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A

MONTH at BRUSSELS,

A Satirical Novel.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By the Author of

"A MONTH IN TOWN," "REJECTED ODES," "GENERAL POST BAG," &c. &c.

"DIFFICILE EST SATIRAM NON SCRIBERE,"

JUVENAL.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

CONTRARY to the practice of certain writers of eminence, who travel back through the dim and distant vista of traditionary ages, to find out a plot for their ground work; the author of the following pages has fixed the time of his actions completely within the range of every recollection, and his scene on a spot, which not he, but one of the events to which he alludes in his work, has immortalized.

He has availed himself pretty largely of a certain licence and latitude which

are allowed to writers who work only on and for the imagination. Whether he has too liberally borrowed from the fountain of fiction, or not, it is for the world to judge. His object it has been to weave a whole which might afford an hour's amusement to the public, and if his piece of manufacture should be approved, he trusts he shall not be brought to judgment for any offence which he may have committed in collecting the materials.

As there is nothing of interest expected from the preface to a novel, the author feels no disposition to trespass too largely upon the patience of his readers, by attempting to multiply words upon nothing. He commits his production to the world, conscious of its innumerable

blemishes, but he neither writes to critics nor to posterity—from the former he is confident he can obtain no credit, and all the good will of the latter will not avail to give him an additional crust of bread and cheese.

London, Aug. 22, 1815.

A

MONTH AT BRUSSELS.

CHAPTER I.

Fashionable Arrivals—An Enthusiastic Politician—A Family history, which contains some matters relative to the Characters of Persons who are destined to become conspicuous characters in this work—The origin, progress, and death of a Domestic Treaty.

"WHAT is the news at Brussels to-day?" asked Sir Phillip Pedant, as he alighted at an hotel near the park, with

his family: and without giving the landlord time to find an answer, Sir Phillip, with one foot on the step of the chaise, and one hand on the right arm of the host, continued:—"I have been cogitating the matter over and over again, ever since I left Cambray, and I have still a little perplexity on the subject."—

"What subject, Milor Anglois," asked the wondering hotel keeper; but being a Frenchman from top to toe, he took especial care to preserve a most unalterable coldness of manner, blended with an astonishing portion of that politeness, which is aptly enough termed national, bowing to the ground as he spoke, and with his left hand removing from under his right arm the napkin, part of which had very indecorously fallen upon Sir Phillip's hand,—

"How long are we to sit in the chaise, Sir Phillip?" asked Lady Pedant, in rather a petulant tone of voice; "I declare it is quite intolerable. I am resolved to take you in hand and to reform you altogether. Oh! if I could but form you after the model of Grandison, what a happy woman should I not be! I will make trial, however; and first of all, to drive these accursed politics out of your head, I will burn Puffendorf and tear up Grotius."

"What! what! Lady Pedant! what is that you say," vociferated Sir Phillip, who was petrified at the sound of the menace with which his Lady concluded her philippic—"Burn Puffendorf! tear up Grotius! zounds and the devil, Madam! Do you know what you are talking about?"

Sir Phillip, to give more emphasis to his words, had taken his hand away from the arm of the maitre d'hotel, and the latter, heartily glad to relinquish the honour which had been so suddenly conferred on him, moved a few paces from the agitated Baronet, and taking his napkin by one corner, gave it a technical flourish, and accompanying the motion by a bow down to the very ground, in a tone of the most incomparable modesty, and a look of suitable humility, exclaimed—" Milor Anglois, had not we better leave this matter to be discussed in the house ?"

" True," said Sir Phillip, extending his arm to assist Lady Pedant out of the carriage; and at that moment, recollecting that he had received no answer to his original question—" Landlord," said he in a louder voice, " What news have

you to-day? who have you here? will there be a battle shortly?"

"*Sacre Dieu!*" cried the Frenchman, shrugging up his shoulders, "We have no news, my Lord, except that the great Emperor is expected every day to fight the great battle. *Sacre Dieu!* what labour there will be. Oh, begar, Milor, there will be hot work, for the Emperor is a very great——

"Villain, scoundrel, renegade, murderer and ruffian!" cried Sir Phillip, in violent agitation, "And that I'll prove to demonstration before I stir a leg. Here, Emily, give me Vattel from behind you, and Puffendorf from the side pocket, and Grotius—no, never mind Grotius, I packed that up in my trunk by mistake. Now, Monsieur Francois, or whatever you call yourself, I'll give you chapter

and verse for the truth of what I say. According to Vattel he ought to have been hanged years ago. Let me see, what does this great authority say upon the subject;" and Sir Phillip, placing the book on his knee, began to turn over the leaves most furiously.

"Mercy on me," cried Lady Pedant, who was unable to keep her seat any longer, so violent were her emotions; "Mercy on me, I say, Sir Phillip, if I am to wait while you find out what the Emperor is in those old musty books, which are as ancient as Noah's flood, I may sit here a pretty while. Not I, truly: come Emily, my dear!" and as she said this, she moved forward with a jerk which, suddenly discomposing the equilibrium of the carriage, threw Sir Phillip off his balance, and in an instant Vattel and the poor Baronet were floun-

dering in a filthy reservoir, while his affrighted Lady, alarmed at what she had done, uttered a loud scream, and was carried, fainting, into the hotel.

It was one of those incidents which, with a few trifling variations of circumstances, occur daily and hourly in the lower walks of life; but Sir Phillip Pedant no longer moved in those walks: by his father's industry, and a proportionate share of good fortune, he dropped into a good estate and a title by the time he was five and twenty, and in about six weeks afterwards he conferred a share of both, and his hand, upon a handsome girl, who had been employed as an upper servant in the family of his father. No sooner did this happy pair become master and mistress of the mansion, than the former determined to study politics, and the latter resolved to perfect herself in

all the arts, manners and conversation of fashionable life, from a close perusal of the most celebrated novels of the day. From reading the Times, Sir Phillip derived a complete knowledge of the *vulgar* tongue, as well as an inveterate itching after those favourite and convenient fountains of the Editor's wisdom, Vattel, Puffendorf, and Grotius. They were accordingly purchased: and from morning to night, for about twelve months, scarcely did this pair of pupils interchange a single word with each other, beyond the common routine of question and answer.

The birth of Emily luckily occurred about this time; and this circumstance which between Vattel and Grandison was scarcely thought about, until it actually took place, broke in upon the family arrangements. Sir Phillip was

severely disappointed that his wife had not given him a son, in order that he might have educated him for a Statesman; "in which case," said he, "I would, like the great Chatham, have devoted my whole time and study to the finish of my boy. But alas! this troublesome wench——

"Shall be formed and fashioned precisely on the model of Harriet Byron," interrupted Lady Pedant, raising herself in her bed, and chucking the infant under the chin.

"And pray who the devil is Harriet Byron?" asked Sir Phillip: "Was she a Roman or Grecian lady; though, by the way, I think the name is something Gothic."

"Thou art no better than a Goth, not

to have studied the character of the amiable Miss Byron," returned Lady Pedant, while the hectic of anger rose for a moment; "But I will read the novel to you, and you will then agree with me in the propriety of our darling being, in name as well as in manners, a second Harriet Byron."

"Novel!" echoed the astonished Sir Phillip: "Pick a name and a model for my wench out of a novel! No, no, Lady Pedant, I am not quite so weak a man as you would have me appear. I'll have none of your romantic names; none of your Harriets, nor your Cecilias, nor your Camillas, nor your Evelinas, not I. If you have a mind to take a name out of ancient history, and call her Dido, or Medusa, or Diana, or Lucretia or Portia, or any one of the noble nomenclature, I have no objection, Lady Pedant; or if

you prefer to call her Emily, after my old grandmother, that may do. But as to novel names—here, John (ringing the bell, and addressing the footman) fetch me Puffendorf; I think I can find something there about them; or if it is not exactly about them, like the mild and classical Editor of the "Times," I shall pretty soon be able to shew the applicability of some maxim or other, though it may appear as heterogeneous, at first sight, as black and white. Yes, yes, Lady Pedant, I'll make you sensible of the impropriety of such an idea, and that from learned and established authorities."

"I don't like authority nor authorities," said Lady Pedant: "You know, Sir Phillip, I can't bear the name of them. If you bring any of your odious authorities into the room, your will drive

me into strong hysterics; and then, who knows, in my weak state, what may be the consequence. If you have any value for my life, Sir Phillip, tell John not to bring your authorities here."

Sir Phillip, like most men, although he was more than ordinarily fortified against the common weaknesses of human nature, by his continual study of old philosophers and chroniclers, had still his vulnerable heel, and Lady Pedant had kicked it. He was as much alarmed as astonished. While he trembled at the idea of losing his wife, it was perfectly incomprehensible to him how Puffendorf could have a hand in it: and after looking at her for a few moments in silent amazement, he was just on the point of entering into an argument with her on the folly of her apprehensions, when John unfortunately made his appearance

with the odious volume, and Lady Pedant, with a loud scream of terror, immediately fell senseless on her pillow.

"Run John, fetch some hartshorn and water!" cried the agitated Sir Philip, snatching the book from his hand and laying it on the bed—"Call the maids, and the nurse, and the doctor. Fool that I was to talk to her of authorities and names. Oh Lud! if I should kill my wife and child. John! Betty! Lucy!" he vociferated, ringing violently with his left hand, while his right supported her Ladyship.

By this time the agitation of Lady Pedant had spent itself, and without waiting for the hartshorn or the doctor, she heaved a deep sigh, and unclosing her eyes, fixed them upon the infant, which was sleeping by her side, and

faintly exclaimed, "My precious babe!" Then looking wistfully at her husband, she ejaculated "Sir Phillip!" The languid paleness which had overspread her countenance, the almost inarticulate faintness of her voice, and the imploring expression of her eyes, completely subdued Sir Phillip, who was violently agitated from head to foot.

At this moment John appeared with the hartshorn, followed by a long train of female servants; but no sooner did Lady Pedant cast her eyes upon the poor footman, whose appearance had caused her sudden discomfiture, than she exclaimed. "What! does he persist in bringing into the room that vile authority?" As she uttered these words with tone and action, equally impassioned, she struck her hand vehemently on the ill-fated volume which was lying on the

bed, where, in the confusion of the moment, Sir Phillip had very inadvertently thrown it.

Another paroxysm was the natural consequence: the touch of the most venomous reptile could not have communicated a more horrible effect. "Brute!" cried she, darting furious looks at her petrified husband, who certainly, at that moment, would have been puzzled to determine which quarter of the habitable globe he stood in; "Brute! murderer! monster! Is this your love for me and for your child? You have broken my heart. It is your barbarity which has shortened my days. I faint. Assist me good Heaven, for I am certainly dying."

Saying this, she clenched her hands, shut her teeth, and with a deep groan, sank

again into the arms of Sir Phillip, who motioned to John to take away the obnoxious book, and after some time succeeded in restoring her to life. The mischief, however, was not to stop here; a serious illness was the consequence; in the intervals of which Lady Pedant exerted all her arts of persuasion to induce Sir Phillip to modernize his ideas by the perusal of more recent, and fashionable works than those to which he was so entirely devoted. Her evident object was to remove his opposition to her design of calling her daughter Harriet Byron; and the further to promote her views, she would embrace every favourable opportunity to read to him a portion of her favourite novel. This practice she had continued one day for upwards of an hour; judging from the silence and apparent thoughtfulness of Sir Phillip, that he was beginning to enter into the

spirit of the characters, she continued with more than usual energy, "Oh! She is a lovely and beloved young creature! I think, verily, that though she was the admiration of every body when she was with us, yet she was, if possible, more amiable at home, and among her own *relations*." "There," said Lady Pedant, "there is a model for our beloved child, Sir Phillip."

"Humph!" said Sir Phillip, who had only caught the last word of the extract, "Relations! Foreign relations! Domestic relations! I think the subject is treated upon by Vattel, p. 73. I'll go to my study, turn to it, digest his ideas upon this important subject, and let you know the result presently." And, without waiting for a syllable in reply from Lady P. or even without noticing her emotions, for she had dropped her book

on the floor, and sat paralized with wonder at his absurdity, he made a slight bow, and ran out of the room.

The task was evidently hopeless from this moment, and her Ladyship, after a severe struggle with her feelings, determined to relinquish all further attempts to convert her husband. From that moment the readings were discontinued, the child was christened Emily, and Sir Phillip was allowed, without any more bickering, to relapse into his old track of study.

Emily was seventeen, when the subjugation of Buonaparte opened the Continent to the English, and Sir Phillip was among the first to avail himself of so desirable an opportunity to look into the practical habits, as well as the theoretical laws of nations. He accordingly

proposed to Lady Pedant and Emily a continental excursion. Nothing could be more agreeable to her Ladyship, who was dying to see all the beautiful landscapes of Italy, and the characteristic varietie of the French nation; and the preparations for this tour so completely engrossed her attention, as for the first time during eighteen years to induce her to forget all Richardson's heroes and heroines. Sir Charles Grandison and the accomplished Harriet Byron were packed up with as little concern as any of the frills and furbelows which were intended to astonish the continental clodhoppers. Emily, also, looked forward with no inconsiderable degree of satisfaction to the pleasures which she reasonably anticipated from the occasion. Hitherto the whole range of her curiosity had been circumscribed by the county, in the centre of which Pedant Priory stood.

She had sweetly passed her time since she left school, with her governess, in roaming amidst the diversified scenery of forest, hill, and dale, which came within the grasp of her eye; and, although several young men of reputed fortunes, had attempted to gain admission to the priory, in the character of suitors to the attractive Emily, none of them had yet succeeded in making any forcible impression on the father or the daughter.

The preparations for the journey were very speedily completed, and on the fourteenth of June, one thousand eight hundred and fourteen, Sir Phillip and wife and family, without any other companion, ascended the lumbering family coach, which had regularly done road duty for above eight and twenty years, and which, with the aid of frequent painting, varnishing, and gilding, and

a single change of its furniture, still carried a very respectable and reverential appearance. Sir Phillip had privately conveyed into the carriage Puffendorff and Vattel, to assist in beguiling the tediousness of the way; and not without some faint hope that, by occasionally reading a paper or two, he might persuade Lady Pedant to acknowledge the measures, laws, and regulations which these volumes contained. No sooner, however, did he attempt to carry this plan into execution, than it excited such an outrageous burst of fury on the part of her Ladyship, that Sir Phillip was glad to shut up the book, and to promise never to renew the attempt. An arrangement was immediately entered into, (Sir Phillip reserving to himself the right of consulting Vattel, as to the form of ratifying, and of definitively completing the negotiation)

by virtue of which Lady Pedant, on the one part, bound herself, in no instance, to introduce the subject of Harriet Byron, or any of her associates, or by any hint, or indirect allusion, to cause a revival of the recollection of the aforesaid Harriet, or any of her associates, while they should continue to be in the carriage together: Sir Phillip, on the other part, binding himself solemnly not to take up the books which he had brought into the carriage, nor, to allude, in any way, to the laws of nations, nor the writers upon those laws, nor upon any political subject whatsoever.

The whole of this treaty was duly entered in Emily's pocket book, and executed finally by both parties, Emily being the subscribing witness; and the effect of this arrangement was soon obvious, for as Sir Phillip was debarred from

either reading or talking upon national policy, and as he had not patience to read, or ability to converse upon any other subject, with the exception of the most common place topics, he was compelled to slumber away four fifths of his time ; and Lady Pedant, who was scarcely better off, was gratified at being left at liberty to follow his example, and not a single syllable was interchanged between this amiable couple, from one stage to another. In this way, they arrived at Dover ; and, a packet being on the point of sailing, Sir Phillip lost no time in getting his family on board ; and, no sooner did he find himself in the cabin, than he seized Vattel, and began to read most greedily, by way of satisfying his appetite after the long and oppressive privation to which it had been compelled to submit for the last three days.

Lady Pedant insisted, that this was a *breach* of the treaty. Sir Phillip maintained the contrary. The case was referred to Emily, who decided it to be merely an *evasion*; upon which Sir Phillip exultingly declared that Vattel would settle the weighty point, by shewing, beyond controversy, that an evasion was not a breach. He was accordingly about to turn to another page, to look for this material evidence, when Lady Pedant, who hated to see the book open, for the sake of getting rid of the plague of being compelled to listen to it, instantly gave up the argument, and shewing symptoms of an hysterical attack: the affrighted Sir Phillip put his books into his box, and promised not to touch them again during the whole voyage, a pledge which restored harmony betwixt Lady Pedant and himself, and the voyage passed over very pleasantly.

On landing in France, Sir Phillip and family immediately proceeded to Paris, having letters of introduction to some families of high consideration; and here he resided for some weeks, when he set out, at the request of Lady Pedant, to visit the warm landscapes of Italy.—From Italy they passed into Spain, and returning, took Switzerland in their way; but, by the time they had grown weary of the romantic sameness of the Helvetic scenery, the clang of approaching war compelled them to retrace their way to France: but they had scarcely felt themselves at home in this gay and dissipated metropolis, before the re-appearance of Napoleon Buonaparte, again caused the most serious and just apprehension. Sir Phillip, however, who had found in this city several old adherents of the King, who were disposed to enter with him upon the discussion of princi-

ples of policy, was unwilling to quit the society and the gaiety of Paris, while any reasonable prospect of secure residenc remained, and would not turn his back upon this great theatre of human life, until Buonaparte had actually entered into it, and he then discovered the impracticability of remaining any longer.

He accordingly packed up his luggage with the utmost dispatch, and once more bade adieu to a scene, and to delights, of which he was just beginning to taste the enjoyment, and determined to make the best of his way to Brussels, where he resolved to wait and see the issue of the campaign which was on the point of opening. Nothing occurred during the progress of this journey, the treaty of silence was still preserved; and Lady Pedant flattered herself that she had completely broken and destroyed

Sir Phillip's thirst after Vattel, until the said first of June, one thousand eight hundred and fifteen, when, upon entering the hotel yard at Brussels, Sir Phillip, by one single act of forgetful enthusiasm, overthrew all her ladyship's self-congratulations, and fatally convinced her that the disease was too deeply rooted to admit of any further hopes of a cure. He had preserved the letter of the treaty, but seized the first opportunity to shew that the time of its operation was passed away, and that it was now only to be considered as an arrangement which had died a natural death.

CHAPTER II.

New Characters—Some Hints respecting an Intrigue—The Countess of Prattlewell—Her Politeness—The effect it produced—Grand Review—The villany of Republicans—Dawning of Amusement.

BRUSSELS was, at this moment, full of military officers of every country in Europe. The Allied army lay in the neighbourhood, and the consequence was, that the whole country was in a state of bustle and confusion, of which description can convey but a very imperfect idea. Great events were shortly expected to take place, as the enemy had, for some time, been accumulating and concentrating his power, with a view to

a general engagement; yet so confident were the British families iu the valour of their countrymen in arms, that they appeared to be as perfectly at their ease, as though the scene of war had been in another quarter of the globe. The Dowager Countess of Prattlewell gave her grand parties, and her concerts and balls, with the utmost *sang froid*, and was frequently heard to exclaim that it was delightful beyond conception to be in the midst of a crowd of gay and handsome youths *a la militaire*, whose only business it was to make themselves agreeable.

Amongst those officers of distinguished rank who had honoured the Countess with their presence at her *coteries*, was the Duke of Laurels, a nobleman more distinguished for his valour in the field of Mars than his chastity and forbearance

in the hemisphere of Venus. He was too glorious a character to be repelled by the fair sex, amongst whom his smile was the object of universal competition. He had lately attached himself very much to the Honourable Lady Mary Bellegarde, a young lady of illustrious family, who had married a dissipated youth of fashion, and had flown over to Brussels, with her husband, to spend the honeymoon.

Sir William Bellegarde was the eldest son of an officer of distinction, who had deserved and received well of his country, and who had recently died, at a very advanced age, leaving behind him, as an inheritance to his children, a name revered by every good man and every patriot, and a fortune nobly acquired by his own valour and meritorious industry. Sir William had been a widower some

years before his death, and having his hands generally full of business, and his inclinations sailing in a latitude very remote from the education of his family, all the younger branches were left at liberty to consult their own wishes, and to chuse for themselves the paths in which they chose to figure before the world. The eldest son struck out into fashionable life, and at the age of nineteen was decidedly the most knowing blade at the Union, the most celebrated perambulator of Bond Street, and the most constant and incorrigible lounger at the Museums, Panoramas, Exhibitions, &c. None but gudgeons would game with him; none but indefatigable gossips would enter into a colloquy with him; the former were sure to be well plucked and feathered; and the latter never left him without a most profitable accession to their stock of scandal. The

old gentleman was extremely desirous to see his heir married to some deserving young female, that he might, before he died, receive some security for the due conveyance of his family name, and the honors he had acquired, down to another generation. He had accordingly employed himself, for some time, in looking about amongst his acquaintance for some desirable personage; and, at last, had fixed upon the daughter of his sworn friend Admiral Haulyard, a young lady possessing every requisite but fortune, and "as to that," said Sir William—"d—n me, I have enongh for them if they are frugal; and if they are not, by G— if I had a hundred times as much, and Sophy could double it, they would be poor still." The two fathers talked the matter over repeatedly, and when they had come to terms, a meeting was arranged betwixt the two intended lovers,

which answered the desired effect, for as Sophia was a lovely girl of the most fascinating manners, and as young Bellegarde was not deficient in sensibility, when an attack was made upon him from a pair of sparkling eyes, circled by the graces, she deeply wounded him at the first interview. With regard to herself, she had escaped heart-whole: She considered young Bellegarde as a pleasant companion, but as to a husband, at seventeen (unlike the generality of young ladies of the modern school) she had not begun to think upon so serious a subject; and when her father subsequently jested with her about it, she assured him that she considered the age of five-and-thirty a very proper period to throw off girlish pleasures and occupations, and to enter upon the matronly duties of a wife. The old Admiral, however, was not to be defeated; he kept steadily to his ob-

ject, and, while his old friend Bellegarde was engaged in moulding his son to his desires, he pursued the task of converting the sentiments of Sophy with so much assiduity, that, in less than three weeks, the young couple were placed upon the footing of a pair of lovers. Young Bellegarde would fain have had Sophy as a mistress; for, to use his own expression, "the trammel of Hymen was a d—d bore, and he had but very little relish to be *meshed* in it." The old gentleman, however, took up the matter so severely, and threw out such menaces against his son, if he detected him sailing and trying to board under false colours, that his son did not venture to encourage the idea: but resigned himself to the alternative of taking Sophy "for better for worse." Poor Sophy, in the mean time, frankly assured her father that she felt no very extraordinary affection for Mr. Belle-

garde, and should certainly have preferred to look about a little more before she gave herself away, but if it would give her father any particular satisfaction, she could easily make up her mind to consent. With these dispositions, the youthful pair were called upon to pledge themselves to each other at the altar, and Sir William Bellegarde only lived a few days after the ceremony took place, when his title and estates devolved upon the husband of Sophia.

It was Lady Prattlewell's invariable custom to attend the libraries, and every place of public resort, and to collect, with the utmost industry, the names and rank of all the visitors as they arrived at Brussels; and, as she was by no means nice in the selection of her acquaintance, her sole object being the attachment of a glittering train of fashionables to her

nightly assemblies, she made it her rule to send her invitation cards to every new comer who had any pretensions to a dashing acquaintance.

About ten o'clock on the morning of their arrival, Sir Phillip Pedant and his family assembled round the breakfast table. "Pray, Sir," said Sir Phillip, addressing the *maitre d'hotel*, "Have you many English families of distinction at this moment in Brussels? Any nobleman, or any minister of state, or other persons of celebrity?"

"Oh, yes, Monsieur," replied the Frenchman, happy in the power he possessed of communicating good tidings to one who could pay him well for his attention; "Oh, yes, Monsieur, *pardonnez moi*, *Milor Anglois*, we have the great Duke of Laurels and Lady Belle-

garde!' Ah, Milor!" and here the Monsieur gave a most emphatic shrug, accompanied by a titter which was about as intelligible to Sir Phillip, as Alexandrine Greek to a Lascar, or the Koran to a Laplander:—"Ah, Milor, there is much talk!"

"Much talk!" exclaimed Lady Pedant, anxious to get hold of a circumstance which sounded so mysterious,—"Much talk! dear me, do let me hear all about it."

"Yes, my Lady," said the complaisant Frenchman, tucking his napkin under his arm, that he might give scope to his rhetorical gesticulations, and rubbing his hands, at the same time making half a dozen very low bows by way of preface to his story:—"Your Ladyship cannot

but have heard of the attachment of this fine pair."—

"Attachment! What attachment?" exclaimed Lady Pedant: "I have heard of nothing at all I tell you. Do be quick, Monsieur, and let me know all about it."

"Yes, make haste, there's a good fellow," added Sir Phillip, "for nothing sweetens a cup of coffee half so well as a good portion of scandal, well mixed."

Monsieur bowed very lowly:—"The Duke of Laurels is one gallant homme, he conquers every body; but, the great Emperor Napoleon, who is invincible"—

"You lie, you rascal; you lie;" in-

terrupted Sir Phillip, rising from his seat, half strangled with passion, "He will be beat in less than a month for a thousand francs?"

The very sound of a thousand francs smoothed Monsieur's face, which was much roughened by the boisterous commencement of Sir Phillip's harangue. Sir Phillip himself seemed to think that he had been too warm in his reply; and, his resentment being disarmed by the very humble attitude of the Frenchman, with a smile on his countenance, he resumed;—"But pray, Monsieur, what business had the Emperor Napoleon to step in to interrupt the course of your story?"

"None at all, Milor," returned the polite Frenchman; "He shall not interrupt my story. The Duke of Laurels,

great man, Lady Bellegarde, fine woman. Sir William Bellegarde loves the cards and the dice better than his wife. She therefore must find another husband. The Duke offers his services, and who could refuse the distinguished honour. There must be duels, and action and *crim. con.* as you call it, Milor Anglois, in your enlightened nation."

"I wonder who this Lady Bellegarde is," cried Lady Pedant; "I don't remember hearing her name. Oh! I should so vastly like to catch a glimpse of her."

"That is most easy," replied Monsieur, not forgetting his bow: "To-morrow will be a grand review, and all Brussels will be there. My cabriolet and myself are devoted to your pleasures. Allow me the honour to escort you, and

I will explain to you all the names of the fashionables. It will be one *beau spectacle!*"

Monsieur had left the room, and Sir Phillip fell into a reverie which continued for some minutes. At last, suddenly recollecting himself, he started up, and exclaimed, "That fellow is a rank Republican, or I am no Englishman. He has got the complete revolutionary stamp; his nose is in a state of fermentation, ripe for insurrection: his tongue is a fountain of deceit and lies: he will fawn upon you, and lick your shoes this hour, and the next the rascal could come behind you and cut your throat. He is a foul weather spark, and God and good angels keep me clear of him. Great Napoleon indeed! Invincible too! I'll warrant the fellow could cut my throat, and eat his supper afterwards with as

good an appetite as though he had been only trussing a pullet. Let him catch me in his cabriolet, and I'll give him leave to overturn me into the first ditch he comes to. The Republican thief! If heaven gives him his deserts, he will very shortly gain the inheritance of a halter.

"For Heaven's sake, Sir Phillip," said Lady Pedant, "be a little rational. I declare you get quite illiberal in your notions. Now Sir Charles Grandison was always so liberal, and so polite and so good tempered, and never would quarrel with any body, and even when he was obliged to fight with Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, he did it so good-temperedly."—

"Sir Hargrave *what?*" exclaimed Sir Phillip, holding his cup of coffee mid-way between the table and his lips,

in an attitude of attention. "Who the devil was Sir Hargrave?"

Lady Pedant never felt more pleasure than when she was allowed a little latitude upon her favourite subject. Her eyes sparkled with pleasure, when Sir Phillip asked the question; and instantly reaching the volume from a side-table, she swallowed her cup of coffee with the utmost avidity, and, placing herself in a suitable position, was on the point of beginning the letter which related to the event she had loosely mentioned, when the door of the apartment suddenly opened, and Monsieur again made his appearance.

The maitre d'hotel could not have entered at a moment more unfortunate for himself. It was a blow more injurious to him in the opinion of Lady Pedant,

than all that was conveyed in the philippic of Sir Phillip—" Mercy on me," said she petulently—" how provoking it is to be so continually disturbed. What is it you want, fellow ?"

Monsieur, advancing towards Sir Phillip who, being well pleased with his interruption, possessed at that instant the most inviting countenance, laid upon the table a card very neatly embossed. Lady Pedant forgot her disappointment in a second, and throwing the book on the side table again, pushed herself forward to read the contents of this card, at the same time exclaiming—" Merciful Heaven, what can it be ?" Sir Phillip, however, very unceremoniously put it back into the hands of Monsieur, and bid him read it, and interpret it, for none but the devil or him could have blazoned it abroad, in the course of about sixteen or

eighteen hours, that he was arrived at Brussels. Besides the party from whom it came were entirely new to him ; and the more he considered the subject, the more it perplexed him to fathom it.

" Ah Milor," exclaimed Monsieur, " the Countess of Prattlewell always sends to my house every morning to know what strangers are arrived, and after I have sent to her ladyship my list, she makes it a rule to send an invitation card to every person of distinction. Oh, begar, mi lor, she is the true English, she is so amiable and *trop genereuse !*"

Lady Pedant no sooner understood that this was an invitation card from a Countess, than she began to assume a consequence in her own opinion, to which she had never before aspired.

Her imagination immediately took wing, and in a moment had travelled through the houses of half the quality in Brussels: and Emily, too, was not a little elated by a circumstance which promised such a material accession to their importance: for, although naturally, this lovely girl shunned the ardent gaze of admiration, she felt sensibly delighted at the prospect of her family being looked upon amongst people of consequence. Sir Phillip himself was very much gratified, for he had uniformly been actuated by an ardent desire to become acquainted with persons of fashionable distinction, where he might be enabled to shew to advantage the knowledge he had acquired from his study of political writers. At Lady Prattlewell's it immediately occurred to him that he should undoubtedly meet with all the ton of Brussels, and a more lucky introduction he could not have wished for.

Monsieur had unobserved left the room, during this universal reverie, and had deposited the card on the table; and now for the first time it met the eye of Lady Pedant, and immediately roused her from the banquet of imagination, at which she had been so unmercifully feasting. "Bless me, Emily," exclaimed she, "what a beautiful card! Well, this is remarkably kind of her ladyship! So considerate, as we are total strangers to the town. Well, I begin to fancy I shall be quite happy and at home in this charming place!"

"Then you intend to go to her ladyship's to-morrow evening, I suppose?" enquired Emily, laying down the card which she had hastily conned over during her mother's apostrophe.

"Go, child!" cried Lady Pedant, in a

tone of mingled astonishment and anger —"Go to Lady Prattlewell's! Is it possible you should think me so extremely rude as to refuse an invitation so handsomely worded—"The Countess of Prattlewell requests the honor of Sir Phillip, Lady, and Miss Emily Pedant's company to a select party, on Wednesday evening." Why I dare say her ladyship would be vastly hurt and offended if we did not go. I would not be guilty of such a monstrous piece of rudeness not for the value of a thousand pounds."

It is unnecessary after such a declaration of her ladyship's opinion as this, to inform the reader that, owing to her education and her habits, she knew nothing at all of the manners and customs of fashionable life. Nothing could be more absurd than the supposition that her absence on the next evening would

be noticed by Lady Prattlewell: these cards of invitation being mere matters of course, and of courtesy, which were left entirely to the arrangement of her confidential gentleman. Sir Phillip was aware of this, and could not refrain from smiling at Lady Pedant's apprehensions on the subject. Being himself, however, equally anxious to avail himself of the invitation, he did not consider it necessary to interrupt her train of doubts or fears, nor to contradict them. On the contrary, he added strength to them, by explicitly coinciding in their correctness, and declaring that most certainly the neglect of such a polite card would be a breach of good breeding, which could not be palliated, much more overlooked. It was accordingly resolved that the next evening should be spent at Lady Prattlewell's.

"But what are we to do about the review, Sir Phillip?" asked Lady Pedant rather anxiously—"for I declare I would not be away from it on any account whatever. Especially as Monsieur—"Any other way, Lady Pedant," interrupted Sir Phillip—"but if he once gets me into his republican cabriolet, God only knows what will become of us all. We shall not return alive. And Sir Phillip followed this assertion up with such a volley of execrations against all republican rascals, and all the admirers of Buonaparte, as would cut but a vulgar appearance in print. It is sufficient to note that no further proof was necessary of the horror of all such matters and persons which had taken possession of the mind of Sir Phillip.

"Suppose we take a chaise to ourselves, and leave Monsieur, as Papa

does not seem to like him;" suggested Emily, who was very desirous to put the matter on a footing of mutual satisfaction. Lady Pedant was perfectly indifferent as to the mode of travelling, so that the end was obtained; she, therefore, very readily acceded to the proposition of her daughter, declaring that she only wished for the company of Monsieur, in order to gain some insight into the names and rank of the company which would be assembled on the occasion. Sir Phillip allowed this was very desirable, but it was a knowledge which, in his opinion, would be too dearly purchased by the risk of their necks—"and by G—," said he, very emphatically thumping his closed hand upon the table, "if you say any thing against that d - Buonaparte to one of these rascals, he would much sooner blow your brains

out, or break your neck, than shew you any kindness."

"You alarm me, excessively, Sir Phillip," cried Lady Pedant, and Emily herself trembled from top to toe at the idea of the danger they had escaped through their father's sagacity. "I declare I would not run the risk," added her Ladyship, "for ten times the gratification I have promised myself. Lord bless me, Sir Phillip, what a monster a republican must be!

Sir Phillip very significantly shook his head, and proposed that they should use their own carriage on the following day: a proposition which was agreeable both to Lady Pedant and to Emily; and it was further determined, not to avail themselves of the offer of Monsieur to accompany them, but rather to prefer remain-

ing in a state of ignorance, respecting the company which they might meet with. Sir Phillip accordingly went into the yard to examine the state of the chariot, which had seen so much service for the last twelve months, that it were matter of some doubt, whether or not it could be made use of on the present occasion, without putting them in as much peril, as if they had entrusted themselves to the dangerous discretion of the republican Maitre d'Hotel. And while Sir Philip occupied himself in this most necesary employment, Lady Pedant took Emily to her apartment, to select the dresses in which they should appear to fulfil the double engagement of the following day.

CHAPTER III.

A new Acquaintance, the Result of Chance —Some Account of the Count D'Abbeville, and his Family—Sir Phillip in the Character of an Author — New Arrangement for the Review— Ferreting out an Intrigue—Eccentricity of the Count.

SIR Phillip arrived in the hotel yard just at the moment when two gentlemen were alighting from a splendid carriage ornamented with all the trappings and appendages of royalty. One of them, to whom universal homage seemed to be paid, was quite a youth of thin meagre appearance, without any of those external qualifications which are calculated to command respect. He was apparently

about two or three and twenty, and was dressed in a magnificent uniform, adorned with several glittering orders.

"Pray Monsieur," said Sir Phillip, addressing himself to a French officer who was standing in the attitude of gazing on the equipage, and leaning on his gold headed cane; "Pray Monsieur, will you do me the favour to inform me who this personage is, who appears to possess such strong claim upon the reverence of the by-standers?"

"Surely Monsieur!" returned the officer, raising the head of his cane to his chin, and turning round to Sir Phillip, "that man, Sir, is the Hereditary Duke Lemon?"

"I have heard much of him, Monsieur," replied Sir Phillip, "but al-

though he was for some time in England, I never had the pleasure of seeing him before. He is young."

"Very young Monsieur. His looks are far from being attractive, and if we were to attempt to measure his wisdom by the length of his beard as the celebrated Grotius says"—

"Who, Grotius? Did you say Grotius, my dear dear Sir?" exclaimed Sir Phillip, half beside himself with rapture—"My dear good Monsieur, you must dine with me to-day. Can't possibly take a refusal. A stranger in Brussels; shall be proud of your acquaintance. Dear me how fortunate I am to meet with a person who can quote Grotius. Very learned man! Come Sir, Lady Pedant and my daughter will be most happy to see you. Wis-

dom by length of beard. Let me see, what page is that in?

While Sir Phillip ran on in this incoherent strain, he had taken the astonished officer by the arm, and had literally dragged him half way across the yard, before he came to the concluding question, on putting which he suddenly stopped short, and turned round to look at his companion, lest he should unfortunately lose his reply.

"Page, Monsieur! What page?" replied the perplexed Frenchman. "I am not aware that it is to be found in his works: it is merely an anecdote of Grotius to which I referred."

"True, true" cried Sir Phillip, "I remember the anecdote well. The he-goat of Norway, longest beard, most learning!

Very cunning though wasn't it! Sign of great man. Great men can't hide themselves; it will break out on little occasions. Come Monsieur, I am so proud of your company. Your name may I presume? Ever read Vattel?"

"Occasionally referred to him on particular circumstances," replied the officer, who seemed by no means eager to enter into a long conversation, but moved towards the hotel reluctantly.

"No doubt you are familiar with Grotius," answered Sir Phillip; "and as to Puffendorf and Locke, I'll bet my existence you have both them at your finger's ends."

"Not exactly so Monsieur," returned the Frenchman—"but as I much admire those writers, I often amuse myself with

dipping into them, and improving my stock of knowledge."

"My dear Sir do say as much before Lady Pedant, and I'll make you my bosom friend as long as I live." Such was the reply of Sir Phillip, who without giving the stranger a moment's time to find an answer, by rather a forcible effort, drew him into the hotel, and in the lapse of a few seconds, seated him in his room.

The Count D'Abbeville, which was the name of the officer, was of an old and esteemed family in France; and at the time of the revolution, although he was no friend to the execution of the Sovereign, and the violent scenes which ensued on that melancholy event, he was favourable to the general outcry for a renovation of system. He was employed

in the armies of the republic, and served under Buonaparte in most of his campaigns. 'Of the talents of Napoleon he was an enthusiastic admirer, placing him at that time at head of all the generals of his age, but he was hostile to the assumption of the reins of government by that military adventurer; and foretold, with as much truth as energy, the inefficiency of all the measures which could be adopted to render the new system permanent. Nevertheless, he was constrained to accept of a regiment in the employ of the Emperor, and, by his courage and uniform fidelity to the cause in which he had embarked himself, soon gained additional rank. In the invasion of Russia, he was placed near the person of Buonaparte, and although he had, from the first, censured the scheme as Quixotic and impracticable, he determined to exert all his energies to ensure

a triumphant result. The sequel of that campaign is fresh in every recollection. To the great delight of every patriot and philanthropist, his designs were completely frustrated, and he was hurled from the proud apex of his presumptuous hopes down to the lowest abyss of despair. The Count was one of the few who were selected by Napoleon to escort him to Paris, when he abandoned the miserable wreck of the finest army which the world ever beheld together: and no sooner did he arrive in the metropolis, than, taking advantage of some several wounds which he had received, the Count solicited and obtained leave to retire to his country house, where the blast of war could no more reach him. He had a son and a daughter, the mother of whom died in giving birth to the interesting Jeannette; the former had obtained a company in the French

army, and was fighting his way to fame and to fortune. The latter was the stay and comfort of her father at home, and being gifted both by nature and education with an unusual share of sensibility, and a warm attachment to filial duties, she continued to make the latter days of her revered parent glide on in calm and uninterrupted serenity. They had lately come to reside at Brussels, as the Count wished to introduce his daughter into a more lively sphere than that in which she had heretofore been doomed to waste her youth. "This, my dear girl," he would often say to her—"This is the time for enjoyment. Too close a solitude, at your time of life, when all the passions of the heart are in unison with the sprightly activity of the body, has too great a tendency to put you out of humour with yourself, and me, and the world. We will try what a little society

can do. You are made to ornament the first circles: 'tis right you should behold the track of your destiny."

Thus was the Count D'Abbeville situated when chance threw him into the way of Sir Phillip Pedant; and if Sir Phillip was delighted with his new acquaintance because he let fall the name of Hugo Grotius; the count was in an equal degree, at least, astonished at the eccentricity of Sir Phillip. Now and then he was a little inclined to fancy him bereft of his senses, but he would immediately recant this opinion as inconsistent with his usual liberality of sentiment, and attribute the singularity of his behaviour to the operation of some innate enthusaism, of the precise nature and bent of which he was yet to be correctly informed.

Scarcely was the Count seated, before Sir Phillip began to agree with him on the subject of international law. "It appears to me, Monsieur," said he, "that all the nations of the civilized world may be called members of one large family; and that there is a reciprocal dependence amongst them, which makes the individual prosperity of each to hinge upon it relationship, and intercourse with the whole. This being the case, and human passions being very boisterous and uncertain guides, it became essential to the general welfare, that some set rules and regulations should be laid down for the purpose of regulating and equalizing, and rendering permanent this international intercourse. Grotius, Vattel, and Puffendorf, have laid down these pure and irrefragable maxims upon this subject, which, with the common concurrence of all the enlight-

ened empires of modern times, have been suffered to wear the garb and authority of law: therefore they are the statute books of nations.

The Count nodded assent, and Sir Phillip, after pouring out a couple of glasses of wine, without uttering a syllable which could break his thread of argument, went on:

"They are, therefore, as I said, the statute books of nations. Now, their authority being thus established and indisputable, it follows that, in all points of delicacy, or difficult solution, they are to be referred to as the unalterable arbiters; and such is my reverence for their grave opinions, that if you can prove to me, from either one of the three, that Buonaparte is a rightful, legitimate, and mild, and efficient sovereign of France,

I would believe it against my own reason and conscience, and the evidence of my own senses. Now, Sir, I have been employed for these fourteen years and six months in the completion of a pamphlet, embracing all the essence of those grave authorities upon the subject in all its lights, and with all its parallels, to prove the partition of Poland a most vile and iniquitous measure; and when I have once made this great point clear from arguments of undoubted balance and weight, I shall then have very little difficulty in accounting for the long and wonderful successes of Napoleon Buonaparte against all the combined powers of Europe. The key will be then in my own possession, and I will unlock the secret to the world. Now, Monsieur, I will shew you what I have written on this important subject, and which, I

doubt not, will rank me by the side of Vattel and Grotius."

So closely had Sir Phillip been engaged in his own argument, that he had not noticed the entrance of Lady Pedant, nor the rising of the Count, who, at the appearance of Lady Pedant left his seat, and was evidently embarrassed for want of something like an introduction. Just as Sir Phillip rose, however, to reach the pamphlet on which he had been expatiating, in turning round he suddenly encountered Lady Pedant; and nothing disconcerted by the circumstance, he instantly turned himself about to introduce her to his new friend, when, for the first time, he found it absolutely necessary to press the question as to the name of his visitor."

"The Count d'Abbeville, at your

service," exclaimed the polite General, bowing to the ground as he made himself known.

The countenance of Lady Pedant had assumed a most forbidding dress, when she first entered the room, and found Sir Phillip occupied in a discourse upon his usual dry subjects, with an entire stranger; but no sooner did the sound of his title strike her ear, than all her anger vanished in a moment; her eyes glistened with pleasure: a smile danced most attractively upon her features; and dropping a most profound curtsey, she condescendingly asked to what accident she was indebted for this honour?

Sir Phillip would not allow the Count time to answer the question, but immediately replied for him, "Do you know, my dear Lady Pedant, the study of Vat-

tel and Grotius is became a fashionable amusement. The Count acknowledged to me that he has been frequently delighted and amused by the perusal."

The Count bowed assent, and Lady Pedant, taking a seat which her husband had placed for her, contented herself with observing that there was no accounting for the caprices of fashion, which often took a fancy to the most odious habits, as if to shew that it was not dependent upon any of the established principles and elements of taste.

The Count was a gallant man, and he so well improved the time until dinner was announced, that Lady Pedant, without hesitation, whispered to Sir Phillip that he was by far the most agreeable nobleman she had ever met with. This intimation, although whispered, was

conveyed in a tone which could not fail of being heard by the Count himself, who was too polite to notice the flattery, though evidently pointed at himself. No sooner, however, did Emily make her appearance, than he redoubled his attempts to render himself agreeable, and expressed the gratification he should feel if she would honor his Jeannette with a visit. Emily made her acknowledgements for the honor of his particular notice with a grace, which materially heightened the good opinion he had already formed of her, and determined him to promote, between his daughter and this new-found companion for her, a friendly intercourse, for which he could not avoid thinking the apparent congeniality of their dispositions peculiarly fitted them.

The dinner cloth was scarcely re-

moved, before the whole plan of the morrow's amusements had been submitted to the Count for his approbation; and Lady Pedant was absolutely distracted with delight, when the Count offered himself to be of the party, and to take the whole of them, with his daughter Jeannette in his own chaise, which was sufficiently capacious to accommodate five persons pleasantly: "as to Lady Prattlewell," continued the Count, "I have never had the honor of an introduction to her ladyship's parties, nor is it a distinction which I am very anxious to obtain. My inclinations lead more to private habits, and to the pleasures of a more limited intercourse."

Although this sentiment by no means coincided with the opinions of Sir Phillip and Lady Pedant, they were too polite to do otherwise than to accede to

its truth. The declaration, however, exactly corresponded with the inclinations of Emily, who was perfectly charmed with the agreeable manners and conversation of the Count, and anticipated with delight the pleasure she should derive from an acquaintance with Jeannette. Under the tuition of such a father, thought the innocent girl, she must be vastly superior to me. The idea conveyed an imputation upon her own parent, and she almost blushed when she re-considered it; for, with all his singularities, she could not avoid reflecting that his treatment of her had been uniformly the most tender imaginable, and she censured the ingratitude, as she thought it, which ushered into her bosom a thought derogatory to him.

Sir Philip had very patiently borne his share in the common routine of con-

versation, ever since the entrance of Lady Pedant, never daring to say a word about his wonderful pamphlet, nor Vattel, nor any other of the learned junto, beyond the observation he had made of their introduction into fashionable *life*; but his patience now began to ooze away remarkably fast. Every moment would he shew symptoms of a growing restlessness which preyed on him, and frequently abstracted his attention from all that was passing around him. At length the change in his manners became so evident that Lady Pedant could not help noticing it. It is true she found herself so very agreeably situated with the Count, that she, on her own account, was perfectly indifferent about his manners, but she was fearful lest they might draw the notice of their new friend, and disgust him in the very onset of their acquaintance. She accordingly

mustered up courage to exclaim—"Mercy on me, Sir Phillip, what is the matter?"

The question roused Sir Phillip in a moment. "I was just thinking," said he, "of a maxim in Vattel which particularly applies to an observation I had intended to make in my 'Minute Inquiry into the Political and Moral Causes and Consequences of the late Partition of the Polish Empire, with a brief view of the effects it may ultimately produce upon the balance of power, and its danger as a precedent, with an anticipation of the Historical Record of this event.—By Sir Phillip Pedant, F.R.S. S.S.A."

The Count D'Abbeville was naturally a sedate man, and it was well that nature had not cast him in a very jocular mould; for even now, it required all his exer-

tions to prevent himself from bursting out into a horse laugh, at the singular precision of Sir Phillip. As for Lady Pedant, she appeared absolutely alarmed, and could not command her voice for some moments; but when her astonishment had, in some degree, abated, she exclaimed—"What nonsense, Sir Phillip, have you got into your head now? I declare that bye-and-bye I shall be ashamed to be seen in your company, unless you shake off this mania of your's."

Sir Phillip knitted his brow, and cast a furious glance at Lady Pedant; and the Count, seeing that a storm was likely to ensue, very dexterously took up the subject, exclaiming—"I am really anxious to peruse this work of yours, which, I am satisfied, must be excellent: but as we have not time to-day to

enter upon a matter which would be so dry and uninteresting to the ladies, you shall bring it with you to my house some morning, and we will peruse it together."

This arrangement immediately restored harmony; and Lady Pedant, in order to do away with the subject altogether, enquired if the Count was at all in the secret of the affair between the Duke of Laurels and Lady Bellegarde: "for," said she, "I am really dying to be informed of all the particulars?"

"A soldier, Madam," returned the Count, "must be a gallant man. It is his profession. Love and war are very nearly related; and if his Grace has taken a fancy to a lovely and amiable woman, who has a husband totally unworthy of her, and who prefers drinking,

gaming, and so forth, to her company, we cannot wonder if she should incline to one so vastly superior in rank and talent. When I was on service, Madam, I was continually engaged in affairs of this kind. It was literally impossible to keep out of them. We were thrown into such situations, that a man must have surrendered all his faculties before he could rescue himself from the tyranny of his passions. Oh, Madam, 'tis all nature; and nature, in all shapes, animal or vegetable, will force itself a way."

"Well, but Count, you don't tell me any of the particulars," replied Lady Pedant: "I am burning with curiosity to know all about it. Is it likely to come to a trial? How long has it lasted? Is the husband informed of it? Pray now,

my dear Count, do let me hear every thing relating to it."

The string of the Count's eccentricities was now touched, and the effect was instantaneous. He rose from his seat, and taking his cocked hat in one hand, and his gold headed cane in the other, he made a very low bow to Lady Pedant, and replied—"Madam, I am a soldier; and whenever I saw an officer on a secret service, it was one of the first lessons I received at drill to be silent as the drum head, until I was struck. The review will be early to-morrow; I will call on you to escort you to my house to breakfast by eight o'clock; my chaise shall be ready for starting by nine, and we shall be on the ground in time to suit ourselves with a choice of situations. Miss Emily, my Jeannette will be more than

proud to see you. Sir Phillip, your hand; I shall not be satisfied till I have had the opportunity of hearing your "Minute Inquiry;" and, as he said this, the Count retired without giving one of the party time to make any reply to him, and before Sir Phillip could find his hat to accompany him to the door.

"How vastly rude!" cried Lady Pedant, in a vexatious tone: "I could not have believed the Count was so ill-bred a man."

"He is not ill-bred!" exclaimed Sir Phillip; "He is a gentleman, a scholar, and an honourable member of society, for he is fond of Grotius and Vattel."

"I tell you he is an ill-bred log like yourself," exclaimed Lady Pedant, as

she jerked past his chair, and quitted the room, shutting the door after her with a violence which alarmed Sir Phillip, and made Emily bless herself.

CHAPTER IV.

Some Illustrations of a new Character—Lady Betty Blackberry — Engagement of a Duke—Some steps towards a Morning Intrigue—A Peep at a Review—An Accident and its consequences.

"ARE all things prepared Vanbudge?" said the Duke of Lemon, as his favorite valet attended at the breakfast table to receive the orders of his highness—"Can I be enabled to shew myself at the review this morning, without absolutely alarming every individual creature that comes near me?"

"Your highness never carried a handsomer appearance," returned the flatterer,

who knew well how to put his master in good humour with himself and with all the world---"The blue regimentals will make your highness absolutely irresistible. But I had forgot, your highness, I have a billet in my pocket which old Saint Pierre gave to me just now, and which was brought at sun-rise by the pretty little waiting maid of some lady of rank, I'll warrant."

"A billet, eh, Vanbudge?" ejaculated the Duke, "egad, so this looks well, the continent for me; when I was in England there was nothing like this, plenty of game it is true, but all so devilish closely watched and protected, that there was no poaching without running too many risks. Here am I the lord of the manor, can keep the best sport myself, and always have choice and plenty. Come Vanbudge the billet, the billet."

"Here it is your highness," replied the valet, taking out a note curiously folded, sealed with the impression of a cupid triumphing over a wounded heart, and addressed in a female hand-writing —"Here it is, your highness," and as Saint Pierre's description of the maid fully comes up to all my wishes and expectations, if your highness will furnish me with the means of promoting a little gallantry with the maid, while you are engaged in a tête-a-tête with the mistress, I shall consider it as a mark of your especial consideration conferred upon your highness's most faithful valet."

It is fair to presume that the greater part of this request was entirely lost upon the Duke, who had opened his note and seemed to be too much engrossed by its contents, to suffer his attention to be easily distracted from it, so that Vanbudge stood bowing and scraping before

his master, waiting for a reply, until his patience was completely exhausted, and he internally murmured a thousand curses against the billet, the writer, and all whom it concerned.

"This is queer" stammered the Duke in a low tone—"Assignation." Here Vanbudge strained his ears to the utmost to catch all which might drop from his master, but with all his efforts and all his anxiety, he could only succeed in catching a few incoherent expressions, such as "love—ten o'clock—moon gone down,—trusty servant — ladder — well armed—yield—consequences—eternal fidelity"—and so forth; but these patches did Vanbudge skilfully join together, until he had made out a strong connected love letter. The valet was naturally of an enterprizing disposition, and nothing could equal his joy when he had suc-

ceeded in making it out to his own conviction that he was about to fill an arduous character in some night scene, where he should have an opportunity of squeezing the waiting maid in some dark corner, while his master hugged up the mistress.

Vanbudge was an old hand at an intrigue; there was scarcely a female of any distinction at Brussels, to whom he could not command constant access by means of his extensive connections between waiting women and chamber-maids, and so forth; and this influence of his he esteemed of so high a value, that he uniformly made it the prominent basis, on which he grounded the beneficial effects of his services. For this important quality he had been recommended to the Duke of Lemon, and his Highness had ample cause to be satisfied

with the boundless information of his valet, who from a common-place book, in which he uniformly kept a list of the characters and amours of the most celebrated personages, could in a moment inform him whether any particular Lady was *come-at-able*, to use one of the favourite phrases of Vanbudge, and in what manner to commence and carry on a siege, so as to command the most easy avenues to victory. He was thus necessarily privy to all his master's secret intrigues, and was indeed his sole as well as confidential adviser in all those important matters, to which the welfare of empires was as nothing.

"Blackberry! Blackberry!" exclaimed the Duke, placing the forefinger of his right hand on the side of his nose, and the thumb underneath his chin, and assuming an attitude of

profound thought, which was by no do you know the name, Vanbudge? I dont recollect it."

There is a knack or method of doing a thing, which will give an air of importance to matters the most insignificant. Vanbudge was aware of this. To have given an immediate answer, therefore, or to have declared off-hand that he knew nothing of the Blackberrys, would have been not only derogatory to the dignity of the valet, but would have placed his master too quickly out of the suspence which held him. The servant, therefore, in his turn, lapsed into profound reflection; and then, putting his hand to his side-pocket, and taking out a neat gilt memorandum book, he returned as he

looked over the leaves, "I know it, your Highness: but I have doubts."

"Then you and your doubts may be d—d together," interrupted the Duke, "for she is willing, and I am willing, and do you forget who I am, Vanbudge?"

"Oh, no, your highness," replied the valet, making a bow even to the ground, "I am not likely to forget your Highness, so soon as you may perchance forget yourself. Lady Betty Blackberry is a jewel, but none of your first water diamonds; and she is *come-at-able*, but there is some danger in the way, or I am grossly misinformed."

"Danger! dont talk to me of danger; what danger in the way of such a prize!" returned the Duke, rising and

walking up and down the room in the utmost agitation.

"To your Highness the danger may be trifling," said Vanbudge, coolly, "for myself, however, I should rather encounter a thousand dangers of the common description, than find myself opposed to such a gallant and celebrated antagonist, as the redoubtable hero of the modern world, the Duke of Laurels."

"What? who?" returned the Duke, alarmed, and throwing himself down into his chair, in the utmost agitation: "Come here, Vanbudge," added he, in a cooler tone of voice. The trembling valet obeyed, for there was something in the look of his master which awed him so completely, that he was scarcely master of his usual confidence

and courage—" Vanbudge," continued the Duke, " This is a matter in which I can bear no trifling: therefore, without equivocation, tell me instantly all you know, every tittle and syllable relating to the Duke of Laurels and Lady Betty Blackberry, or by the whole of the Saints in the calendar I'll quickly make dog's meat of your carcase.

Such a threat as this was not likely to be lost upon a man of Vanbudge's feelings. He had fallen on his knees the moment that the Duke had laid his hand upon his arm, and had continued in that position, trembling from head to foot, until his Highness had done speaking, when, with a most meek and low tone of voice, he returned—

" God bless your Highness: do not look thus angrily upon me, and I'll

tell you in a moment all I know about her Ladyship. I am acquainted with her favourite maid; and I have it from her, in confidence, that the Duke of Laurels visits her Ladyship at her toilet regularly, while her *esmo sposo* is regaling himself over his musty volumes."

The anger of the Duke was quickly dissipated by this confession, in which he saw nothing to terrify him from his eject of intriguing with Lady Betty, especially as loud tongued rumour had assigned to the noble Laurels other game, after which he was probably too eager in pursuit to adopt measures either for the frustration or detection of any designs which he might originate against Lady Betty. He paused a moment, then bidding the trembling Vanbudge rise from his humble posture—"Here," said he, "Take away these paraphernalia, and

bring me my riding dress, and see that I have a horse saddled for me in fifteen minutes from this moment."

Vanbudge looked at his master most earnestly and expressively for a moment, as if to discover whether or not he was earnest in this command. The look of the Duke convinced him that there was no equivocation in his intention. He accordingly most quietly moved towards the door, with the accoutrements of war upon his arm, and having reached the outlet of the apartment, he summoned up resolution enough to look around, and humbly to remind his master that he was going to the review.

"D—n the review!" cried the Duke: "Put it abroad that I am ill, fatigued to death, absolutely run down by excessive engagements. Write a note to the Duke

of Laurels, tell him my physician insists upon it that I do not expose myself to [illegible] under pain of the most unhappy consequences. And d'ye hear, Vanbudge, bring my masquerade coat, and put yourself into a mask, for I am determined to see Lady Betty, while the Duke of Laurels is occupied in the field."

"Oh! your Highness, I'm down!" exclaimed the valet, placing his finger on his nose, and casting a significant glance at his master, as he quitted the apartment.

"This is d—d unfortunate," muttered the Duke, as soon as his valet had disappeared: "What a cursed bore it is to be so hunted by the frail creatures. My G—d, could not the Jezebel have contented herself with one Duke. No, no,

poor soul! *toujours perdrix*, as the story goes, and [illegible] why I'll e'en venture to run a little risk to gratify her caprice. But let me see what other engagements have I for the week. There is Lady Prattlewell's this evening: after which, perhaps, I may recreate an hour with Lady Blanchly: to-morrow I am to take lessons at *pugilism*, noble science! Princely amusement! In the evening I am to attend the sparring match! Next morning—let me see, Saturday, Sunday—aye, Sunday morning I am to go under training for a whip; by the way Webbly has promised to get me made an honorary member of the London four-in-hand, and that will be *prime*: Sunday evening I am engaged to play Laurels and Weybridge singly at billiard's for a cool thousand a piece: Monday, a blank day; what shall I write in it? State affairs? no,

they are too dull, politics don't suit my taste; youth's the time for frolic and fun, so Venus shall have all my spare hours now, and I'll promise Minerva most solemnly, that when I do begin to keep her company, nothing but 'death shall us part:' Tuesday——

Here Vanbudge made his appearance with a suit of plain brown clothes and an English round hat, having equipped himself in the masquerade of a groom; and, as the Duke was hot after the intrigue he had taken in hand, in a few moments he was equipped in his new character, and his horses being in readiness, attended only by his scheming and trusty valet, he mounted, and led the way through all the bye ways and alleys to a pleasant house situated in the suburbs of the city.

The Duke purposely slackened his pace as he approached the spot, while Vanbudge advanced and reconnoitring the dwelling for a few moments, boldly knocked at the door, which was fortunately opened by his female acquaintance the waiting maid, a very brief parley with whom communicated to him the unlucky tidings that the Duke of Laurels was at that moment breakfasting with his lady in his way to the review. Vanbudge immediately rode back to his master with the news, and after a few minutes consultation, it was determined on to take up with a room in a pot house which fronted Lady Blackberry's residence, where they might remain unsuspected spectators of all that passed, and be ready to take immediate advantage of the departure of the Duke of Laurels, the waiting maid having been prepared with her lesson by the experienced Vanbudge.

They had been but a few moments posted in the room, when the door of Lady Blackberry's house suddenly was thrown open, and Lady Betty and the Duke of Laurels appeared, arm in arm, and walked a few paces until two horses came up, when they both mounted, and rode away at full gallop on the road to the scene of the review.

Words would be insufficient to describe the consternation of the Duke, on seeing himself thus thrown out when in sight of the prize. What was to be done? He wished to pursue, but when Vanbudge suggested this measure, his highness objected on the score of the probability of a discovery of his person being made. The valet, however, was aided in his rhetoric by love, and against such able argument, it was impossible that the unsupported reason of the Duke should

long continue to maintain its ground, After a very short and very weak resistance to the scheme, he surrendered himself to the discretion and guidance of Vanbudge, who, exchanging characters and dresses with his master, ordered the Duke to follow him, and before many moments had elapsed after the departure of Lady Betty, they were again, thanks to the speed of Vanbudge, in full view.

At a convenient distance behind the Duke of Laurels and his mistress, who had now been joined by a splendid retinue of military officers, the Duke of Lemon and his valet kept on their way for upwards of an hour, when, from the summit of a lofty eminence, a boundless valley stretched its varied landscape before their view, in the centre of which appeared, glittering in the sun, the long military array, waiting for the presence

of its General. To a heart less the slave of the tyrant love than that of the Duke of Lemon, or rather to a heart less engrossed by sensual pleasures, such a sight must have appeared sublime in the highest degree, and teeming with all the fertile materials of expansive sentiment and dignified contemplation. But the eye and the heart of his highness were fixed upon Lady Betty. Vanbudge had sagaciously enough suggested that when they had once reached the scene of the review, the Duke of Laurels must be compelled to leave Lady Betty to herself, while he attended to the duties of the field, and there would be ample opportunity for his highness to make himself known to the fair object of his pursuit, and to try what effect his rhetoric would have upon her. The idea was plausible enough, and the Duke was constrained

to keep on his course without murmuring any audible complaint.

The matter verified Vanbudge's penetration. They had scarcely reached the field, before Lady Betty appeared riding alone up and down on one of the wings of the line, and the Duke advancing towards her, in spite of his disguise, succeeded in making himself known to her, and without hesitation related to her the excuse he had framed for his absence from the field in his military character, and the chase she had caused him. Lady Betty was as well disposed to hear and to believe as the fondest heart could have wished, and a very few minutes had elapsed before the Duke had persuaded her to quit the lively scene with him, and to retrace their steps to the suburbs of Brussels, to enjoy each other's society, without the fear of interruption, and freed from the fetters of irksome restraint.



Scarcely however had they ridden a dozen yards from the troops, when the line began firing, and, at the same instant, an open carriage appeared rolling with the utmost rapidity along the front of the wing which was nearest to them; and, the next moment a violent scream was heard, and the Duke turning round, perceived that the vehicle was overturned. Forgetful of his disguise, he darted towards the spot to ascertain the extent of the mischief, when he discovered that the carriage belonged to the Duke of Laurels, and was broken into a thousand pieces. The Lady who had been unfortunately in the vehicle, was the beautiful Lady Bellegarde, who lay bleeding on the ground, and the Duke was the first to make a tender of his services; taking the Lady in his arms, he bore her a little out of the throng, and with the aid of some salts, which he obtained,

restored her to her senses. The wound she had received was slight, inflicted by the wadding of one of the pieces, and the injury sustained by the shock from the overthrow of the carriage, was too trifling to cause more than a momentary inconvenience. A party in a chaise most readily offered assistance to convey her Ladyship immediately to Brussels, and with a little difficulty she was conveyed into the carriage, and the Duke of Lemon was still busied about her Ladyship, when, catching a glimpse of his countenance, she appeared suddenly to rouse herself from the momentary apathy which had subdued her faculties, and had just exclaimed, "Ah! is it possible; do I see the Duke of ——," when his Highness, darting away from the chaise, leaped instantly upon his horse, which Vanbudge held

at a little distance, and, with Lady Blackberry, was out of sight in a moment.

Scarcely had his Highness disappeared, before the Duke of Laurels, to whose ears the news of the accident had sped, galloped rapidly up to the side of the carriage, and in a tone scarcely articulate, inquired what had occurred. Lady Bellegarde herself related the nature of the accident as nearly as she could recollect the details, and assured his Grace that she felt little injury, and that she attributed her preservation, in a great degree, to the humane party in the chaise, and the assistance of the Duke of Lemon. His Grace smilingly assured her that she was in no degree indebted to the Duke of Lemon, who was prevented by illness from participating in the duties of the day. Lady Bellegarde, however, insisted on the

correctness of her penetration, declaring, if ever she saw the Duke, she had just seen him, although so disguised, that it was by the merest accident imaginable that she made the discovery.

"You may be correct, my dear Lady Mary," said the Duke, "but be assured, I shall soon have the means of ascertaining correctly whether it is so or not, in the mean time, addressing himself to the gentleman who still supported Lady Bellegarde in the carriage. May I take the liberty to request, that you will do me the honor to convey this lady to Brussels under your especial care, and allow me to be informed to whom I am indebted for this most kind and generous obligation, and where, after the fatigues of the day are over, I may have the pleasure to pay my re-

spects to Lady Mary and her deliverers!"

The gentleman bowed most profoundly, and taking a very neat card out of his pocket-book, gracefully handed it to the Duke, requesting him to trouble himself with it, and at the same time to burden his memory with the name of SIR PHILLIP PEDANT, Hotel de St. Honore, near the Park.

CHAPTER V.

Domestic Tête-à-Tête—Agreeable Interruption—Sir Phillip still on his Hobby—Ladies' Legs and Soldiers' Gaiters — The Manuscript — Jack the Giant Killer in good Company—The Duke of Laurel's Politeness — and Lady Bellegarde's Treaty.

NO event within the range of possible occurrences would have given so much pleasure to Sir Phillip and Lady Pedant, as the circumstance which transferred to their charge Lady Bellegarde. "Nothing on earth could be more fortunate, Sir Phillip," said Lady Pedant, as soon as she found a moment's leisure to hold a tête-á-tête with Sir Phillip, after they had reached the

hotel. "I am delighted beyond measure," her Ladyship continued, "for if it had not been for this most lucky incident, we might have made interest for seven years, without gaining such a capital introduction to the Duke of Laurels."

"Very true, my dear Lady Pedant," replied Sir Phillip, "and as he will be here very shortly, we must make some preparations to receive him. So now, Lady Pedant, as the Duke is a man of vast reading and observation, when I introduce Vattel, and Puffendorf, and Grotius, you must take care not to spoil the effect by any angry glance or ill-natured sarcasm. And if I wish to gratify his Grace by audibly reading my pamphlet upon the."——

"Mercy on my soul! Sir Phillip,

are you mad?" interrupted Lady Pedant, "would you, the very first time his Grace does us the superlative honour to visit us, drive him out of your room? If he be a man of taste and gallantry, and I am very sure he has more of that, than of your dry learning, he would sooner sit upon a barrel of gunpowder, and be cannonaded for three weeks, than encounter the horrors of listening to a manuscript pamphlet; and then, Sir Phillip, as for Vattel, and the rest of that odious old-fashioned fraternity, I do assure you"—

"What do you know about 'em?" roared Sir Phillip, who for some moments had been so completely stunned by the interruption of Lady Pedant, that he could not command his voice for a reply, "What the devil do you

know about barrels of powder, cannonades, manuscript pamphlets, taste, gallantry, and Vattel?" If I had not been blessed by nature with an uncommon stock of patience, I should have gone mad some months ago."

"And so should I, Sir Phillip," retorted Lady Pedant; "for what with your dull, stupid, conversation, and your obstinate perverseness in teazing me with those filthy books of yours, and your unkindness, (and then she took out her handkerchief, and by applying it to her eyes, added most efficaciously to the weight of her argument) I have had more to endure than ever any poor woman before me; and that you know, Sir Phillip."

Oh, lud! oh, lud! sighed Sir Phillip secretly, if matches are made in heaven,

why had not I a partner picked out who was fond of Vattel. Here am I, a great political philosopher, with all the qualifications for immortal fame about me, and yet I shall never rise unless I can make Lady Pedant a little more sensible of my merits. What would I not give if I could but once succeed in making her listen to reason.

"Sir Phillip! Sir Phillip!" resumed Lady Pedant, in a tremulous voice, purporting that she was more hurt by this cruel silence than by his previous unkindness—"You are determined to kill me, I see you are: and you will very soon be gratified." And then she began to cry most vehemently; but, at the moment, a loud bustle was heard, and the rattling of carriages. Several voices under the window exclaimed "The Duke!" "The Duke!" when her Lady-

ship, forgetting her grief, and followed by Sir Phillip, ran down stairs to receive and welcome his Grace.

The Duke was a comely man, of about five and forty, and his manners were well calculated to prepossess in his favour all those with whom he associated on a footing of equality, the fair sex in particular, who perhaps were uniformly subdued before they saw him, by the lustre of his fame, the multitude of his achievements, and the elevation of his rank. To his inferiors he was courteous, but there was a degree of haughtiness mingled with his courtesy, which repressed admiration and esteem before they had time to become matured. He was withal a man of gallant habits, and could never be justly accused of any cold reluctance to avail himself of the influence which his good

fortune had given him amongst the female part of the creation. With regard to his reputed intrigue with the beautiful Lady Mary Bellegarde; whether there was a foundation for the rumour or not, the reader may be somewhat furthered in his enquiries by the sequel.

"How can I sufficiently thank you, my generous friends," said the Duke, as he met Sir Phillip and Lady Pedant, and taking a hand of each, "How can I ever repay your kind interference to rescue my dear Lady Mary from the danger of the moment." And without waiting for an answer, he requested Sir Phillip would immediately conduct him to the fair angel, who, he was certain, must be dreadfully shaken by the alarm she had so recently experienced.

Sir Phillip was a little chagrined that

his Grace did not allow him to express the honor he felt on being able to render so slight a service to so eminent a man, and this disappointment he felt the more keenly, because he had been taking no small pains to invent a very elegant exordium, full of compliments to his Grace, for the essential services he had so frequently rendered to his country, and which he had intended to speak as soon as he met the Duke. The hasty manner of his Grace, however, so completely disconcerted Sir Phillip, that he could not think of a single word; he therefore contented himself with making a most humble obeisance down to the ground, and muttering a few indistinct words, of which "Victories,—France,—Honor,—and Grotius" only, were distinguishable.

Fortunately for the credit of Sir Phil-

lip, the Duke was too much occupied with the image of Lady Mary Bellegarde, to pay any kind of attention to his incoherent exclamations, and consequently he did not feel himself under the necessity of making any thing like a reply to them. Just as they reached the door of the apartment, however, his Grace suddenly and rapidly exclaimed, "Fine review to-day, Sir Phillip, great shew of company. Never saw so many fine legs."

Sir Phillip naturally coupling *review* and *legs*, considered that the Duke referred to the troops he had inspected. To be sure, it was an excentric mode of expression; but men of genius were rarely very choice in the selection of words. Amongst the schemes of his inventive brain, which had never been brought to light, was a plan for su-

perceding military gaiters, and the substitution of pantaloons, entirely from the waist to the sole of the foot, which was calculated to save trouble and expence, and to shew the shape of the leg to greater advantage. A finer opportunity than the present for the introduction of his plan to distinguised notice, could not possibly have offered itself; and he immediately determined to avail himself of it, to recommend his improvement to the adoption of his Grace. May it please you, noble Sir, by way of a little recreation after too close study of Vattel, Grotius, Puffendorf, and other great political philosophers, and after an unusual degree of application to my pamphlet upon the partition of the empire of Poland, and its consequences, on which I shall have the supreme honor of taking your Grace's distinguished opinion, at your earliest

convenience, (the Duke bowed, and Sir Phillip went on) as I said, my Lord Duke, by way of a little recreation, I have sometimes turned my thoughts to personal matters, that is, I could say, to little improvements in the art of corporal ornament. Do I make myself intelligible, my Lord?"

"Oh! perfectly, Sir Phillip," returned the Duke, rouzed by the question from a reverie into which he had fallen; "You have recommended me a tailor, as I understood: I shall be happy to give him an order, whenever you will desire him to wait upon me at my hotel. Extremely happy to oblige you."

Poor Sir Phillip was not a little mortified at the mistake of the Duke, and hastened to se this Grace right, without delay. "My Lord, you did not ex-

actly comprehend the sequel of my speech. I am very stupid in the art of expression, and would give worlds to obtain your Grace's admirable facility. But I may write and sigh at an immeasurable distance, unable as I shall be to imitate one of your most humble perfections. What I was about to state my Lord, was that, by way of some recreations from study, as I am in the habit of reading Vattel and Grotius and Puffendorf, and am engaged in writing"——

"Aye, a pamphlet, Sir Phillip, "you mentioned that before," interrupted the Duke—"something about Poland and consequences. Well, go on!"

"Since I mentioned my very celebrated work before, an't please your Grace, I will confine myself to what I was going to state to your notice. I

have struck out something which will be sure to interest your Grace, because it most particularly concerns the troops. I have a plan for the extinction of gaiters."

"I dare say it is very excellent, Sir Phillip," returned the Duke—"and I would recommend it to you immediately to forward a sketch of your suggestion to the Commander in Chief at home, or the Prince, for since the importation of Ourang Outang guards, which I received in Spain, I have sworn never to have any thing to do with new modelling the appearance of the soldiers; and since that metamorphosis was adopted, I have no doubt that yours will go down."

Whether to take this answer as complimentary or directly the reverse, Sir Philip was at a loss to determine. He

was himself a great admirer of his own plan, and as he thought himself equal to most people in taste and penetration, he could not conceive the possibility of any one attempting to ridicule it, especially without having once seen it, or heard a single syllable respecting its nature; his vanity therefore, with which he was plentifully gifted as most men, led him to resolve that his Grace was very serious and very friendly in the advice which he gave him, and he determined to abide by it. Bowing therefore, to the ground, he assured his Grace that he felt himself highly honoured by the condescending manner in which he had instructed him as to the best mode for him to pursue.

This was enough to convince the Duke that chance had thrown in his way a most egregious blockhead. It occurred

however, to his Grace, that very egregious blockheads had sometimes been very useful members of society; and that it was possible he might now turn his acquaintance with Sir Phillip to some purpose. He had long wished to find a family where he could visit any particular females of his acquaintance, without drawing upon himself the eyes of the world, or upon the ladies the censure of those prying gossips who are eternally on the look-out for some handle to slander every one who seeks a little innocent indulgence. Sir Phillip and Lady Pedant appeared to him, exactly calculated for this honourable office, and therefore prudence recommended it to him to cultivate the esteem of the family, that he might the more easily induce them to wave any slight objections they might make to his wishes, when he should venture to propose them. Ac-

cordingly, smothering the laugh, which endeavoured to force its way, he replied, in the most condescending tone imaginable—"My dear Sir Phillip, you must be aware that I am particularly anxious to oblige a gentleman who has so essentially served me. I wish I could promote the progress of your invention, but at this moment, it is out of my power. I am dying, however, to hear your most exquisite pamphlet, for I am sure, that nothing which Cicero would have blushed to own, will come from the ingenious pen of Sir Phillip Pedant. Put me down a subscriber for twelve copies."

This was striking at Sir Phillip's weak part with a vengeance. "My dear Lord," said he, bowing to the very ground, as he spoke; "I never was so much honored in my life; and since your Grace has so high an opinion of

my poor genius. I will do myself the pleasure to read a few passages of my manuscript to your Grace." And away ran Sir Phillip, leaving the Duke at the door of the apartment; when his Grace, considering that he might as well open the door and enter, although he was uncertain whether it led to the object of his quest or not, muttered an hasty curse against Sir Phillip and his pamphlet, and without ceremony, gave himself admission into a spacious apartment where Lady Mary Bellegarde was sitting with the Count d'Abbeville, his daughter, and Emily, to the great confusion of all the party, except his Grace and Lady Mary, who, with the most perfect *nonchalance* rushed to each other and saluted.

The Count, placing a chair for his Grace, requested that he would do them the honor to take a seat in their com-

party. At this moment, in came Sir Phillip Pedant at one door, and, immediately opposite, her Ladyship, both evidently panting under excessive exertion. "Really, Sir Phillip," exclaimed Lady Pedant, as soon as she saw how matters stood, "you are insufferably rude to wish to intrude your manuscript trash upon his Grace, at such a moment." And her Ladyship seemed to lay a particular emphasis on the word *such*, which rendered her meaning perfectly intelligible to every one but Sir Phillip himself; who, without noticing the words, drew a chair close to the Duke, and placing one leg over the other, by way of making a temporary table, laid his manuscript upon his knee, and began to turn over the leaves, exclaiming—"I am so flattered by your Grace's kind patronage, that I scarce know what I am about."

"That you have not known these fifteen years, Sir Phillip," vociferated Lady Pedant; "and I hope his Grace will allow for the folly of a man whose brains have been for so long a time shut up in two or three musty old volumes, which he picked up at Lackington's, and which are only fit for Kings and churls to read."

Scarcely could the Duke, or Lady Mary, or the Count d'Abbeville refrain from laughing at the vehement language of Lady Pedant, and the truly grotesque figure and position of Sir Phillip, who seemed to have been suddenly rendered motionless, by one of those necromantic touches, which, as we are told in the Eastern tales, turned the whole population of a town into stone. His hair absolutely bristled with horror, his eyes were fixed with a strange

stare upon Lady Pedant, a leaf of his pamphlet, half turned over, still trembled betwixt his fingers, and the Duke began to think that her Ladyship was not greatly in error in her description of her husband, but that he really was no very unfit subject for a residence in some hospital for insanity. However this might be, his Grace saw that nothing but his conciliatory interference could disperse the storm which menaced such serious consequences; and, therefore, turning to Lady Pedant, he assured her that nothing but his express solicitations could induce Sir Phillip to produce the obnoxious pamphlet; and that, since it was so unpleasant an object to her Ladyship, he would reluctantly resign the pleasure of hearing it read until some future and more favourable opportunity should occur. And this his Grace said in such an earnest and af-

fable tone, that her Ladyship, in evident embarrassment, declared that if his Grace really wished to hear this manuscript, she could never sufficiently regret that she had behaved so rudely, which certainly proceeded from a mistaken impression, and not from any wish to interrupt the harmony of the company, or to cause any discomposure to Sir Phillip, who, with all his eccentricities, was a good husband!

"Your Ladyship has excused yourself admirably," returned the Duke, rising and handing her to a seat, and I could almost find in my heart to persuade Sir Phillip to offend again, that we may be gratified by the repetition of such a graceful apology." Lady Pedant coloured deeply, and curtsied as his Grace resigned her hand, while Sir Phillip, in a transport of joy, cried out, "Well

done, Lady Pedant: as you have settled the matter so well, out of pure affection, and the spirit of true forgiveness, I will shut up my pamphlet, and not say a word about the law of nations for the next three hours. You must know, my Lord Duke," continued Sir Phillip, turning to his Grace, "that Lady Pedant's antipathy is not confined to my manuscript, which she has never heard, but that it extends to all great works which she has never read: and those celebrated men who wrote the maxims of political philosophy which regulate monarchies, are, in her Ladyship's opinion, totally unworthy to be compared to Sir Charles Grandison, Jack the Giant killer, and Sir Hargrave — what's his name, Lady Pedant?"

"Jack the Giant Killer! man of little

taste," replied Lady Pedant, scornfully tossing up her head—"You are really such a vulgar edition of an oddity that I ought to hold no conversation with you in the presence of persons of high polish, and distinguished rank. You always put me to the blush by your very odious associations. My Lord Duke, I am given to reading the elegant works of Richardson, and Fielding, and Smollett, volumes, of the spirit of which he is lamentably ignorant, and this accounts for his unpolished behaviour. I have taken extraordinary pains to induce him to direct his studies into the same polite channel; but I might as well request the flowing tide to ebb for my accommodation, as strive to make him turn back from the course in which he has been so long labouring. You, my Lord Duke, and my Lady Bellegarde, will know how to appreciate my candour."

Lady Mary immediately proposed that Lady Pedant should read Sir Phillip's books, and Sir Phillip peruse the novels of Lady Pedant; and in case of a refusal to accede to this proposal, she interdicted all further discussion on the subject. "For," said she, "as I mean to spend a good deal of my time with you, by way of shewing how much I am pleased with your company, I shall have opportunities of arguing the merits of the case, and deciding, at my leisure."

The Duke seconded the proposition of Lady Mary, and Sir Phillip and his wife agreed to become good friends for the rest of the evening.

CHAPTER VI.

Meeting of the two Dukes—Fears of a Discovery—A trait of the Hero—Master and Man—A Peep at Lady Prattlewell's Route—Slander travels post, and seldom drops any thing by the way—A Gossip mortified.

"D—n it, Vanbudge," said the Duke of Lemon, when he returned to his hotel in the evening, after his masquerade excursion to the review—"I was recognised by that cursed gipsey Lady Mary Bellegarde. By this time the Duke of Laurels is in the secret, and how the devil shall I manage to meet him?"

"Nothing more easy, your Highness," replied Vanbudge—"If you were able

to take a gentle ride, in the warmth of the day, it would not follow that you must be strong enough to bear the fatigues of a whole day's marching and counter-marching, and manœuvering. Besides, your Highness, his Grace is up to all *these* things, and let the truth come out, and he will be *mum*, I'll warrant. He is too old a soldier to blow a love intrigue. He has too many on his own hands for that."

The Duke pondered a moment—"Well, Vanbudge, the best way will be to meet it, without waiting to have it inquired into. Give me my writing apparatus; I will send a note to his Grace, to say I rode out as far as the field of the review, found myself better in consequence of the gentle exercise, and will have the pleasure to wait on him at his quarters to-morrow morning.

That will do pretty well, eh? Let me alone, Vanbudge, for managing an escape. In war and love I have hitherto been pretty lucky: never was wounded yet at either. Got a happy knack, somehow, of getting out of the way of censure and mischief at the same time."

"Pretty fair, your Highness," returned Vanbudge: "But, egad, your Highness had a narrow escape at——when your squadron was so d—d full of courage, and would charge in spite of your endeavouring to regulate their valour. If you had not been seized with a sudden fit of the cholic, God only knows how it would have ended."

"Ah," said the Duke, shivering from head to foot—"God send me another cholic, if ever I am placed in another such a perilous and forlorn situation."

"I hope your Highness will have wit enough to take more care in future," said Vanbudge; but scarcely were the words out of his mouth, before a servant entered to announce the arrival of the Duke of Laurels, who had called to make his enquiries *en passant*, after the health of his Highness.

"D—n me, I'm blown, Vanbudge," cried the Duke: "Here put my legs on the sofa, tie that handkerchief under my forehead; reach my roquelaire; there, wrap it close round; tie that shawl about the middle. Now tell his Grace I'll endeavour to sit up on the sofa to receive his visit." The servant disappeared.—"That was well managed, Vanbudge, and pretty dexterously," added his Highness. "Aye, aye, let me alone to manage these kind of matters. The note, there, give me the note; remove

the secretaire; I will shew him what I had just written, and the devil is in it if it won't go down with such management."

The secretaire was scarcely moved when the Duke made his appearance. "Ah, your Highness, how is it with you?" asked his Grace as he entered; at the same time eyeing his Highness with a peculiar sort of look, which carried to the mind of the latter an impression that something was suspected.

"Faith, my Lord," returned his Highness, "my physician ordered me to ride out for a couple of hours at noon, and I feel myself so much the better for a little gentle exercise, that I had absolutely penned a note to your Grace, expressing my intention to pay a visit at your hotel in the morning."

The Duke scrutinized his highness's countenance pretty closely as he made this reply, but the latter, with admirable skill, preserved a gravity which completely puzzled the enquirer—"and pray which road did your highness take?" asked his Grace, adding "you would have been much pleased with the evolutions."

"I saw the beginning your Grace," replied his highness. "I rode in that direction, but I was unable to remain, though I felt uncommonly interested, for I never saw a finer body of men together than your grace had under your command. I assure you the sight animated me, and I feel the better for it."

"A smile played round the features of the Duke, which called up some uneasy sensations in the bosom of his highness. D—n that Vanbudge, thought he,

within himself, why the devil did'nt he put me upon a better plan, for I'll bet my soul to an English rump steak, that he's down on me.

"And pray your highness," said the Duke, "did you ride out alone, and did you return home without any companion?"

Hell and the devil! thought his highness, as he replied in as unembarrassed a tone as he could command, "Oh no, not alone, my Lord Duke, not absolutely alone, because I never ride out without an attendant: Vanbudge generally accompanies me, he went with me to-day to the review?"

"He's a changeable knave" replied the Duke, looking with a very significant smile at his highness, whose coun-

tenance begin to change colour a little, "for he can assume all shapes and dresses, from a humble valet de chambre, to a lovely fille de chambre, or an Amazonian Venus on horseback; your highness is tolerably proficient too, you can send an apology with a good grace, intrigue, when under the influence of a lamentable fit of sickness, and finally write a note to remove suspicion with as good a grace as any body. Ha! ha! ha! Lennon, have I ferreted you out? I must give you a few lessons on the tactics of Venus as well as Mars, I see! well, well, 'tis all natural enough, but who the devil was it you escorted from the field?

"Thank my lucky stars," said his highness, "that, after all he has found out, this remains to be discovered." "Oh, your Grace," replied he, "as you are down upon me so completely, it would be folly

to carry on the quiz any further. It was merely a beautiful girl, the daughter of a merchant at the other side of the town, and by the Lord, if I had lost this opportunity, I do not know when I should have succeeded, so closely is she watched".

"Well, well," returned the Duke, "so much for this affair, but now let me tell you that the enemy means to give us a grand set-to in a few days, I have it unquestionably, so we must be on the alert, and I hope your highness will be willing to leave your new charge at a moment's notice, I shall not wish you to expose yourself unnecessarily, but it runs in my mind that we shall have no fool's play this time. We must set heart and hand to the business, for a reverse at this critical moment, and under the peculiar circumstances would be fatal to all my glory, and death would be a friend."

There was something in the Duke's eye and countenance as he said these words, which raised him above the level of the common race of mankind. It was the beaming of the heroic soul, which scorns danger, and courts renown as cheaply purchased by days of peril and by nights of suffering. The animation imparted itself in a considerable degree to the breast of the young Duke of Lemon, but in the hey day of youth and the full heat of passions, with every inclination after indulgence, and the most ample means to gratify it; at the same time, not possessing that bottom of valour, which continually stimulated his illustrious tutor in the art of war; it is not to be wondered at that he should feel a strong lurking love of life peering over every other consideration, and checking the exuberances of heroism in his breast. He was eager in conflict, and when in-

cited by the heat of battle, and the glorious examples of thousands around him, he could look death in the face without any fear, but his valour was the offspring of circumstances, not the spontaneous effusion of his own heart, it was an imparted feeling not an intuitive one.

He had scarcely recovered from his terrors, lest the Duke should find out that he had been engaged in an intrigue with Lady Betty Blackberry; consequently, he was not exactly qualified at the moment, to look or talk very intrepidly. He made shift, however, to stammer out a few professions of courage, which, as the occasion was not immediately pressing, answered the purpose very well, and the two Dukes parted perfectly satisfied with each other, after making an engagement to meet at an inspection of some choice regiments

on the following morning, at the distance of half a leage from Brussels. "And mind, your Highness," added the Duke, with a pretty significant look and accent, as he let go the hand of his pupil, Don't let me hear of any unfortunate relapse, when I expect to see you in the field."

"By all my hopes of salvation, Vanbudge," exclaimed the Duke, before his visitor had scarcely passed the threshold. "I'm in *Chancery*, and there shall I remain, racked with doubt and suspense, perhaps for years, unless his Grace's passion for Lady Betty Blackberry would accommodate me so far as to get cool on my account."

"Why, what the devil, saving your Highness's presence, has happened?" asked Vanbudge, in a tone of voice,

which pretty intelligibly expressed all his apprehensions.

"The Duke has quizzed me d---nably," replied his Highness, "he knew I was at the review, and some devil informed him that I rode home by the side of——

"Lady Betty Blackberry?" inquired Vanbudge, trembling, lest his own ingenuity and contrivance had just received a most irremediable shock.

"Can't say what he may have heard," returned the Duke, "but his Grace pretended that he did not know what was the name of the Lady. I am d---nably funk'd, Vanbudge, and am almost inclined to wish that I had taken your advice, and not run my head into this

intrigue, for if the Duke should in reality get any suspicion, it—

"Oh, Lord! your Highness, the very thought on't makes me tremble in my shoes," interrupted Vanbudge. "But, pray, does your Highness attend Lady Prattlewell to-night?"

The Duke yawned a little, and stretched himself upon the sofa, as he digested the answer he should give. "Why, no, d—n me; I am so fatigued with one thing and another, that I really think I require a little indolence. Reach me Corinna from the side table, and leave me a little while to myself, Vanbudge. I would be a *solitaire*!"

Vanbudge reached the book to his master, and after waiting a few moments, bowed to the ground, and retro-

graded to the door of the apartment; but he had scarcely opened it to give himself egres, before the voice of his Highness recalled him to his side. "Here, Vanbudge, d—n this book, it is insufferably dull. I am absolutely annoyed with myself. Lend me the dice, that I may see how many I can throw. There, by G—d, sixes! I cannot beat that, try as long as I will. My flute, Vanbudge, Zounds! the thing has not a tone in it. I am sick of every thing. I think I'll call at Prattlewell's, just by way of varying the scene a little, for I am d—d hippish."

Vanbudge was forthwith directed to dress his highness and prepare him for the call. "Don't make me odious, Vanbudge," said the Duke, "for the last two or three days I declare I have been monstrously shocked at my own appearance."

Vanbudge promised to take extraordinary pains, and after about three hours, excessive toil, about midnight his Highness was in proper trim to shew himself in the middle of the gay party of the Countess of Prattlewell.

It was past one, however, before the Duke made his appearance. The rout was numerously attended. The circumstance of the review, and the accident of Lady Bellegarde, were such fertile sources of tittle-tattle, that none of the fashionable world would, for a moment, think of sending an apology. "Bless me, your Highness," exclaimed the Countess of Bustlewell—"how rejoiced I am to meet with you. Some malicious devil told me you were ill, but I could scarcely credit it, and thank God, your appearance this evening gives a positive answer to the slander. I declare I never

saw your Highness carry a better countenance."

"I thank your Ladyship for the compliment," returned the Duke—"but the truth is I have been unwell—a serious attack, and I am sure I look odious."

The Countess drew back a few paces, and catching up her eye glass, coolly examined every feature of the Duke for a few seconds, and then advancing towards him, again declared positively that she never saw any body look half so handsome. "Oh! your Highness is always finding fault with your own appearance. But pray, my Lord Duke, have you been at the review to-day? Or have you heard of the melancholy accident which befel Lady Mary Bellegarde and Lady Betty Blackberry?"

"Review! accident!" returned the Duke—"What is it your Ladyship alludes to? I have heard merely that Lady Mary fainted, and was overturned, but without any serious injury; and as for Lady Betty Blackberry—to be sure I was not present at the review, but I had imagined she was safe at home."

"Oh dear, dear, no such thing, I assure your Highness," returned the Countess, half mad with joy at being able to communicate some intelligence to his Highness: "the truth is, as I had it from Lady Hornblower, who was told by Miss Mullins, who received it from the Honourable Mrs. Heartwell, whose companion told her that she had a first cousin who learned the facts from an officer who was on the ground, that while the line was firing—to be sure, it was a most shocking thing—poor Lady

Mary Bellegarde, whose coachman was driving along the troops, was shot through with sixteen balls, and expired directly: Lady Betty, poor soul! who was sitting on horseback just at the end of the soldiers, immediately disappeared, and has never since been heard of, and it is supposed her Ladyship's horse, which was a very spirited animal indeed, had run away with her, and never could be stopped before it reached the edge of a cliff on the sea shore, and threw her Ladyship into the sea."

"The Lord have mercy upon me!" exclaimed the Duke, holding up both his hands, and, at the same time, with the greatest difficulty suppressing a laugh.

"But that is not all, your Highness," resumed the indefatigable Countess,

who was half afraid she should lose the opportunity of finishing her story—"The Duke of Laurels, who, you know, is very partial to both the ladies, immediately rode up to the spot most furiously to enquire what was the matter, when he saw the corpse of Lady Mary in the hands of a total stranger, who was about to make his escape, when the Duke, suspecting that he had murdered the Lady, instantly drew his sword, and cut him down to the ground. Then casting his eyes on Lady Mary Bellegarde, he inquired, in a tone of terror, what had occurred, and, on being informed, he ordered that every tenth man in the army should be shot, as a punishment for their wickedness; and then the dear, good hero threw his arms round Lady Mary, and directly went mad."

The Duke was obliged to hide his

face in his handkerchief to smother the broad grin which played about his countenance, as he thus heard the story of his own death, as well as the destruction of Lady Mary and Lady Betty, and of the sequel of the dreadful catastrophe. "What a melancholy relation!" exclaimed he, sighing deeply.

"Most melancholy indeed!" rejoined the Countess: "And my Lord Duke, as I feared some less cautious tongue might have told you of the circumstances, with a great many heightenings and enhancements, I was determined, as soon as I saw your Highness, to run up to you and whisper in your ear my simple, unvarnished tale. Does your Highness know that I have not been able to smile since I was told the dismal tidings. What an irreparable loss is the gallant Duke."

"And still more so the lovely Lady Mary and Lady Betty," replied his Highness, who was determined to punish the vanity of the Countess, by way of a little revenge, for the scandalous tale she had trumped up for his ear. "I declare," he continued, "I know not where there are to be found in Brussels two lovely women, who will be worthy to fill their places in the Temple of Venus. They were without exception, the most charming angelic females that ever came under my observation."

The Countess was all this time knitting her brows with mortification. "But your Highness has not heard, perhaps," she resumed—"that they have been so much given to vile, shameful practices, that they were not looked upon at the last, by any persons of true respect-

ability, except the gentlemen, who are always the patrons of frailty."

"Fie, my Lady," answered the Duke —"I expected more liberal feeling on the part of your Ladyship. I did not think you were so willing to join the voice of scandal in ruining amiable characters. And I'll venture to stake my life upon it, that they were as virtuous and praiseworthy in their conduct, as any ladies of the ton."

The Countess placed her hand before the Duke's mouth, as he finished, exclaiming,—"Hush, your Highness, or I shall begin to think they have feed you also to become their advocate. Is it not notorious that Lady Betty Blackberry has been seen to flirt and coquette with more than half the young bucks of Brus-

sels; and as to Lady Mary Bellegarde, why your Highness cannot surely have forgotten that she was never any thing better than the spoiled daughter of an old navy officer. Now Sir William, her husband is well known to be a man of spirit, and gallantry, and she has used him very ill, by giving a decided preference to any coxcomb who would be at the pains to win her.

The Duke was determined to hear no more of this malignity. Turning therefore short, round upon the Countess, he replied—"Pardon me, my Lady; but I was at the review privately, and I saw Lady Bellegarde's accident: I was the person who caught her, and who according to your information, was cut down by the Duke in attempting to make my escape. Lady Mary, I assure you, received no balls in her body; she is still

alive, and the Duke is not yet mad. As for Lady Betty Blackberry, my Lady—and here he paused, just in time to prevent the utterance of that which might have led to the discovery of his intrigue to the Duke of Laurels.

The Countess was for a moment, paralyzed with evident horror and disappointment, and immediately returned in a voice which sufficiently spoke the severity of her feelings, at finding she was detected in her falsehoods. "What, your Highness, and was not Lady Blackberry killed neither? Was no individual hurt?"

"None, my Lady," answered the Duke, rather rudely, "and when your Ladyship chuses another theme for slander, you will do well to be a little more wary in your communication of it, for it is cer-

tainly very mortifying to be compelled to stifle in its birth the fine offspring of such a prolific invention." And as he said this, his Highness turned rather abruptly on his heel, and without condescending to hold any further conversation with her Ladyship, coolly walked away to another part of the room, leaving the Countess in a state of agitation, proceeding from mingled mortification and disappointment, which no language can describe.

His Highness found that her Ladyship had not been idle since her arrival at the rout, for in every quarter of the apartments, and from every mouth he heard the rumour of which he had no doubt she was the prolific fountain, embellished according to different tastes and different views of the subject. Without taking the trouble to contradict them, however,

the Duke lolled and loitered away a couple of hours in chit-chat with the various beings which encircled him, and then after paying his respects for a few moments to the mistress of the mansion, he ordered his carriage, and was again driven home, to amuse himself with Vanbudge and a segar until he was inclined for repose.

CHAPTER VII.

A Duke's condescension and a Baronet's pliability—The Manuscript—Serious interruption—The Manuscript destroyed—Narrow escape of the Author—More hair-breadth escapes—A melancholy catastrophe—More sorrows—A Peep or two at Sir Phillip Pedant's heart.

SIR William Bellegarde having been compelled to take a journey to Amsterdam, from which place he was not expected to return before the end of the month, Lady Mary was left entirely at her own disposal; and as she had been accidentally thrown into the way of the family of the Pedants, and found them in every way disposed to consult her

gratification, she thought that her present situation was much more desirable than her own residence. The Duke of Laurels was her daily visitor; and such a circumstance, were she at her own residence, could not fail to attract public attention, and to cause rumours which might reach the ears of Sir William. In a public hotel the matter wore quite a different appearance; his Grace might have business with many gentlemen there, or, as she intended it should be, he might pass as the visitor of Sir Phillip Pedant; and all that she had to do, was to make out some reasonable pretext for her continued residence in this family. Nothing appeared so plausible as continued indisposition; but it would be necessary to insure the secresy of the Pedants, and this was an object which she was very far from considering as likely to be attended with any great deal

of difficulty. She had, probably, imparted her plan to the Duke of Laurels, for the very next day after the accident, the Duke sought a private interview with Sir Phillip, which the latter had no doubt was for the express purpose of hearing his pamphlet read without any interruption: an idea which in no slight degree added to his consequence in his own opinion, and almost intoxicated him with joy.

"My dear Sir Phillip," commenced the Duke, as soon as he had closed the door of the apartment—"I have not only a very high opinion of your talents, but equally so of your disposition to serve me; and allow me to assure you (and here the Duke took his hand) that I think, Sir Phillip—that is—I believe—in short, that you are a d—d good fellow."

If the reader be conversant in all the fashionable distinctions, the little niceties of expression, he needs not to be informed that this meant every thing. What it would have cost an unfashionable, untitled genius a choice collection of substantives, and some minutes of time, perhaps to utter, was fully compressed into these few and significant words. It meant that Sir Phillip's bosom was the abode of virtue and friendship, and love and gratitude, and fidelity and penetration, and wit and genius, and all the sociable qualities of the heart; that he was charitable and moral, and learned and amiable in his temper, and refined in his habits. Such is the interpretation of a "d—d good fellow."

Sir Phillip was consequently not a little proud of the title, for he had lived

and mixed with fashionable society sufficient to become an adept in all these terms; and no sooner had the Duke uttered the compliment, accompanied by a most hearty squeeze and shake of the hand, than Sir Phillip exclaimed—"Gadso, my Lord Duke, you make me proud."

"I wish you to be my friend in a matter which is of much importance to me, at this moment," resumed the Duke, still holding the hand of Sir Phillip.

"Friend, friend, friend," exclaimed the agitated baronet, absolutely stammering with emotion—"The friend of the Duke of Laurels! Your Grace makes me much too happy. Only inform me what I can do to merit the appellation, my Lord Duke, and I'll write pamphlets, d—n me, I'll read novels.

or run across the sands of desert Africa, where Vattel and Grotius, and the Laws of Nations were never heard of. Your Grace has made me so happy and so proud: only state what I can do to serve you."

"Why then, you must know Sir Phillip,"—replied the Duke—"you must know—you must have seen that I have a bit of a *penchant* for Lady Mary Bellegarde.

"*Penchant!* A bit of a *penchant*, my Lord," echoed Sir Phillip, "Yes, my Lord, I have observed a little bit of a something very like a reciprocal kindness."

"Well then, Sir Phillip, as you have discovered it, I shall proceed," resumed the Duke. "As Lady Bellegarde will

not for some days get the better of her accident, it may be an accommodation to her, and a kindness done to me, if you will make her one of your family until her physician shall advise her removal to her own house."

"God bless my soul, my Lord Duke," returned the Baronet, bowing, "Lady Mary will confer honour and happiness upon us all by continuing in the family as long as ever she pleases. And now my Lord Duke, as Lady Pedant is not likely to interrupt us, I have brought in my pocket my Minute Enquiry into the political and moral causes and consequences of the late partition of the Polish Empire, with a brief view of the effects it may ultimately produce upon the balance of power, and its danger as a precedent, with an anticipation of the historical record of this event—By Sir

Phillip Pedant, F.R.S. S.S.A. Great field, my Lord! Pray what is your opinion of the partition? Vastly iniquitous?"

"Oh, vastly iniquitous indeed," replied the Duke; who was not a little mortified by the interruption of his design. "Vastly iniquitous indeed! But Sir Phillip, as I would have said—

"All attention to your suggestions, my Lord Duke," returned Sir Phillip, "glad to insert in the title— corrected and amended by the able pen of the Duke of Laurels — Hurra! Hurra! Thirty editions in as many days! Vast accumulation of fame! D—n profit! Give that amongst booksellers, and printers, and devils, and so forth; and—

"Stay a moment, my dear Sir Phillip;" returned the Duke, interrupting the voluble Baronet, with evident signs of im-

patience. "I wished to have said a few words more on the subject of Lady Mary and myself, and then I shall be happy to attend to your most interesting pamphlet, the title of which promises such a rich feast to the literary epicure. You will have no objection, I presume, while Lady Mary is in your charge, to admit me of your family; and when we seek to confer together in private, Sir Phillip—"

"Oh, most certainly, my Lord Duke," exclaimed Sir Phillip, whose head was still running upon his pamphlet, and who had been so delighted by the manner in which the Duke had spoken of it, that if his Grace had requested the loan of his wife, in the warmth of his feelings, he would probably have granted it. "Most certainly your Grace! Private always, from morning to night! Give up any of my rooms for the accommodation of your Grace and her Ladyship. Then your

Grace is of opinion, my pamphlet will do?"

"As far as the title goes, Sir Phillip, I have no doubt; and as to the contents,"—At this moment a loud shriek was heard on the stairs, a confused sound of voices seemed to be ascending and descending the stair-case. Cries of "Fire," were distinctly heard, when the Duke and Sir Phillip, in a state of the utmost alarm, rushed out of the apartment, and instantly found themselves enveloped in flames. "My dear Lady Mary," cried the Duke in an agony of terror. "And my books! my books!" exclaimed Sir Phillip, as he led the way to the room where the ladies had been left sitting; but, alas, the fire had gained too much power and extent to allow them to penetrate thus far: the apartment they sought was already wrapped

in fire and half consumed, and nothing remained but for the Duke and Sir Phillip to secure their own escape. His Grace, with a violent resolution, rushed through the flames and effected a safe passage to the yard; but at the moment when the poor baronet was about to follow the example of the Duke, a burning rafter fell across the stairs, and completely blocked up his passage, precluding all possibility of escape by that road. Sir Phillip rushed back to the apartment he had left, it was still untouched by the devouring element, but his philosophy and presence of mind had so entirely forsaken him, that he seemed incapable of forming any resolution to ensure his safety. Several times did he approach the window, which was a considerable height from the ground, and as often did he again retreat, fearing to brave the uncertain

evils which might attend the leap. He had once again surveyed the distance from the ground, and had advanced once more to the door of the apartment, to endeavour to find an easier egress, when suddenly the flames burst into the room, and compelled him, with despair and horror in his countenance, to rush to the terrible window, certainly the only vent for escape which now remained to him. He had now but a moment to decide: there was no time for delay or hesitation. The people in the yard, amongst whom he discovered Lady Pedant and Emily, were vociferous in their cries; he had just made up his mind to tempt the danger, and was in the act of taking the spring, when the recollection of his pamphlet suddenly flashed across his brain; in his hurry he had forgotten to take care of it, and life appeared to be robbed of its chief pleasure, if the

valuable manuscript on which he had built all his hopes of fame should be unfortunately destroyed. It was not in the room; he looked in vain on tables and chairs, in every corner, and had tacitly admitted the inutility of further search, when just over the threshold of the door, in a small interval of flame, the valuable roll met his eye; the fire had already caught the edges; with a single bound, fearless of the perils which surrounded him, he reached the spot: already were his clothes scorched: his hand, however, was within reach of its object, when suddenly a burst of flame enveloped the manuscript, and it was lost for ever. Despair took possession of Sir Phillip: he was no longer master of his actions: finding himself deprived of what he most valued, careless of what might follow, he again rushed towards the perilous window, and summoning

up a determined resolution, made a desperate leap, and precipitated himself into the yard of the hotel.

Sir Phillip fortunately pitched upon a pile of straw which lay beneath the window, and thus escaped injury: the violence of the fall, it is true, caused a momentary deprivation of sense, but a few of the usual applications quickly brought him to himself. Scarcely had he recovered his voice, before his lamentations for the fate of his manuscript were renewed in the most piteous accents. Lady Pedant, Emily, the Duke, and Lady Mary were forgotten in the first turbulence of his feelings; and it was not until his family had repeatedly caressed him that he thought of congratulating them or himself upon their narrow escape.

The first agitation having partially subsided, Sir Phillip looked round him with a sort of doubtful expression, and eagerly asked "Where is the Duke? where is Vattel? where are Grotius and Puffendorf? where is Lady Mary? alas! my poor devoted, invaluable pamphlet, how shall I ever be recompensed for the loss of thee?"

"The Duke, your honour," cried a postillion, who had been very busy in assisting to save the property, "is safe, and so is the lady: but I don't remember to have seen any of them gentlemen with the strange names. I don't know Monsieur *Grotius*, nor Monsieur *Puff him off*: but I hope they have all got safely housed somewhere or other."

Lady Pedant now ventured to inform Sir Phillip that out of all his books only

Grotius had been saved; but she reminded him that they could be easily replaced for a few shillings, and therefore it would be a foolish grief which would lead him to lament much over a loss which might, with so much ease, be completely repaired.

"But how can I ever hope to repair the loss of my manuscript?" cried Sir Phillip, stamping and raving about the apartment like a man absolutely bereft of his senses.

"Sir Phillip, be a man," replied Lady Pedant, taking Sir Phillip violently by the arms—"Don't you see your wife and daughter rescued from the devouring flames; and can you be so ungrateful to heaven as to be lamenting about a nasty, fusty old manuscript, and a few old books which were only fit to feed

worms and rats! Fie, Sir Phillip, I am quite ashamed to see you so infatuated; to behold you exposing yourself to the ridicule of every body. I declare I am ready to expire with mortification."

"But, my dear Lady Pedant," returned Sir Phillip, laying his hand quietly on her arm, "you really are not aware of the value of my loss. Did'nt his Grace the Duke give it as his opinion, but now, that this my manuscript, which is now lying yonder, enveloped in those detestable flames, would establish my fame? Zounds, did not he undertake himself to examine it minutely, and to add to it his corrections and improvements? Why, Lady Pedant, you don't know half the extent of my loss."

Lady Pedant was about to make some kind of reply, when suddenly a shriek

from a part of the building which was about half consumed, drew off her notice, and casting her eyes upwards, she instantly screamed aloud, and, seizing Sir Phillip by the arm, exclaimed in a voice of agony, pointing upwards, "There! There! There!"

Sir Phillip cast his eyes to the spot, and suddenly beheld, to his horror and amazement, Lady Mary Bellegarde standing at a window, a considerable height from the ground. Scarcely knowing what he did or said, the agitated baronet ran about the yard wringing his hands, and vainly endeavouring to excite some one of the spectators to make an attempt to save her ladyship; the danger was too prominent; and the crowd appeared to have but little inclination to run any serious risk to effect her liberation. A party of English

soldiers, attracted by the flames, had made their way into the yard. It occured to Sir Phillip, that the name of the Duke of Laurels might operate as a stimulus to some of these individuals to make a desperate exertion. "Save that lady," cried the baronet, "and in the name of the Duke of Laurels I will promise a princely reward."

The acclamation was not in vain, "The Duke," cried the soldiers, "The Duke of Laurels, God bless him: here goes, then, for his Grace and the Lady;" and seizing a long ladder which lay on the ground, one of the men was instantly aloft, while Lady Mary, with her hands clasped, and her eyes raised to Heaven, in the very midst of the destructive element, seemed silently to implore the aid of Providence to save her from the impending peril. There was not a mo-

ment to lose; the flames gained ground rapidly; the soldier appeared to be somewhat daunted by the proximity of the danger; and a voice from among the *coquins* in the yard exclaimed; "Save yourself, and don't mind the Lady." The soldier paused: Lady Mary cried out, "For God's sake, don't leave me to perish!" He moved higher up the ladder; the voice of distress repelled for a moment the fear of destruction. A burst of flame shot from the adjoining window; the heat became tormenting; again the soldier looked down with a movement of uncertainty. "Another step, and you are lost," cried the scoundrel, who had before discouraged the attempt. "Another attempt," cried Sir Phillip, "and you will have the satisfaction to save a female from destruction—and an English woman!" A shout from the soldiers followed this exclama-

tion, and the re-assured adventurer again stepped forward. There was still a considerable space betwixt him and Lady Mary, and the fire frequently intercepted them from each other's view; "I scorch, I shall perish" cried Lady Mary, clapping her hands violently, with a sort of convulsive exertion. At this critical instant the Duke himself entered the yard. Lady Mary instantly caught his eye. "Save her, and I'll look to your future fortune," shouted he, rushing to the foot of the ladder, as if with an intention to ascend. The voice of the Duke roused the courage of the soldier; he first looked down at his commander, uttered a loud huzza! hurled his hat into the yard, and the next moment disappeared among the flames. A moment of dreadful suspense and anxiety succeeded: it was but a single moment: the man re-

appeared at the window with Lady Mary in his arms, and attempted to reach the ladder; but a flame had burst out from the window underneath, and at the instant he was about to touch the upper round, it snapped and fell into the yard. The soldier, nothing disconcerted, stimulated by the shouts of his General and his fellow-soldiers, made a motion to leap from the window: blankets, sheets, bedding, and straw were instantly piled to a considerable height; and in a few moments, at a signal from his Grace, Lady Mary, heroically jumped from the window, and without the slightest injury descended into the yard.

All eyes were now directed to the gallant soldier who had braved so much danger to serve her ladyship. He appeared at the window ready to make a spring; the flames burst out most vio-

lently from the window below him, and for a moment obscured him from the view. Again he was visible, in the very attitude of taking his leap; and again the flames appalled him. Fatal delay! A loud and deep shriek was heard! "Merciful God, save the poor fellow!" cried the Duke, in an agony of terror. An involuntary "Amen," broke from Sir Phillip; tears gushed down his Grace's cheeks, and shewed that the hero had the feelings of a man. But these tears fell in vain. The shriek was the voice of death. The floor was burned through, and at the instant the gallant fellow was about to make a last desperate attempt, it gave way beneath his weight, and buried him in the flaming abyss beneath. A groan of simultaneous anguish burst from every bosom. Lady Mary sobbed convulsively, and sunk into the arms of the Duke—who exclaimed as he caught

her and bore her away from the scene—"I have seen many brave fellows fall in the field without a single tear, but thy fate has interested me more than the fate of thousands, my poor gallant fellow."

"D—n it," said Sir Phillip as he wiped the tear from his eyes, and took Lady Pedant under his arm, to lead her after his Grace—"I would have given a thousand pamphlets to have saved the poor fellow, if every one of them had been worth ten thousand times more than the one I have lost."

Emily thought her father looked more interesting at this moment than he ever before had appeared to her; so attractive is the hue which philanthropy throws across the human countenance, giving it a tinge of the divine. She took his other arm, and as the tears trickled

rapidly down her lovely cheeks, she declared that she should not recover herself from the shock she had experienced for some time; while Lady Pedant silently wept.

The whole party proceeded to the hotel of the Duke, where Sir Phillip lodged his wife and daughter under the protection of his Grace, while he returned to the scene of devastation, to look to the security of his property, which, by the prompt exertions of the maitre d'hotel, had been entirely rescued from the fire. The poor fellow was sitting quite disconsolate on the trunks, looking at the decaying flames with a melancholy gaze. "Alas, Monsieur," said he to Sir Phillip, "'tis all I am worth in the world, I have no longer a home, nor a bed, save what lies here, half burned. Yesterday, I was doing pretty well; and my neigh-

bours envied me: to-day, poor St. Pierre is not much an object of envy. Oh, Monsieur, I have no home nor friends!"

"But thou shalt have a home and friends," cried Sir Phillip, who at that moment completely forgot that the poor Frenchman was a Republican, whom he had denounced as a vile scoundrel, only fit to be hanged. "Thou shalt have a home with me, and Lady Pedant and Emily and myself will be thy friends; and I may, perhaps, find thee others: so cheer up, Monsieur, and bring away the wreck, and come to the hotel of the Duke of Laurels."

"Noble Englishman," cried the stammering maitre, who was almost suffocated with the boisterousness of his gratitude —"I cannot find words to thank you for your generosity to me. But you have a

heart which rewards you well. It will find language for poor St. Pierre."

"It will, it will, Monsieur," cried Sir Phillip, who had now forgot the destruction of his manuscript:—"But the poor soldier! Have you found the poor fellow yet? I would have given all I know about the laws of nations to have saved him from destruction."

"He was a brave fellow," said St. Pierre, wiping his eyes—"Milor, you see that bed: I have nothing now of my own but that, and I would suffer over again as much as I have already suffered to-day, if I could call back that gallant soldier to life."

"Thou art an honest-hearted fellow," exclaimed Sir Phillip—"and thou shalt come and live with me. I have done

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